

THE MONSTER SQUAD

screenplay

by

Shane Black and Fred Dekker

story by

Fred Dekker

THIRD DRAFT

July 30, 1986

1 OMIT

FADE IN...

2 EXT. EUROPEAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Ever been to Transylvania? Well, even if you haven't, it looks nothing like the creepy, rotting landscape before us. That's because this is Transylvania circa Universal Pictures, 1931.

WE PAN the crumbling tombstones of an ancient, dilapidated GRAVEYARD... passing gnarled trees that look like claws; claws reaching reaching for a huge full moon...

THUNDER rumbles. Lightning CRACKS. Somewhere on the moors, a wolf HOWLS... and just in case the three tons of fog haven't sufficiently clued you, we:

SUPER THE LEGEND:

THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS
TRANSYLVANIA, 1887

3 Mist-shrouded mountains loom down on us... until soon, WE DISCERN a shape through the mist... because atop one of those mountains... is an ancient, crumbling BATTLEMENT with turret-openings looking down on us like empty, gaping eye sockets.

Boys and girls? Welcome to CASTLE DRACULA...

DISSOLVE:

4 INT. BOWELS OF CASTLE DRACULA - DEAD OF NIGHT

12th century stone arches. Mist. Rats, SQUEAKING and scampering across the floor. Armadillos in the shadows of COFFINS...

That's right, coffins. Three of them.

AS THE CAMERA GLIDES ACROSS the stone floor... one of the coffins BEGINS TO OPEN... and we catch a glimpse of a chalk-white hand at its edge, as...

One of the OTHER coffins begins openings... CREEEEEAAAAK... and another hand, female, from inside, AS WE MOVE TO the third coffin, on which is emblazoned a finely-wrought gold crest...

And right when we think THAT coffin, is going to open, WE --

4 CONTINUED:

CRANE UP... TO THE CEILING of this dank chamber and there, in the cobwebbed shadows, are a million glittering lights, like diamonds, except what they actually are is a million EYES, because the ceiling is covered with disgusting BATS, all suspended upside down, and don't ask WHAT KIND of bats, because you know better than that, now don't you?

5 SERIES OF SHOTS

exploring the full range of bat slumber, AS THEY twitch, and gibber, and do bat things, and trust us, rodent fans will be camping out next to the theater, but now SOMETHING ELSE is happening...

Because WE SEE that slowly, with increasing FERVOR, the bats are becoming AGITATED, chittering and screeching, then flapping their wings in a growing frenzy, shrieking and flapping AWAY FROM

6 A PARTICULAR BAT

In the center. A real beaut, too, with eyes brilliant pinpoints of red, and then we notice, amidst the thunder and keening of terrified bats, that this one specific bat... is GROWING.

7 He vibrates and twitches, stretches and distends, and you better close your eyes here because, get this, he starts to SPLIT OPEN, becoming longer, and bigger, and yes, undeniably more HUMAN, as the OTHER BATS REALLY go nuts now, AND --

8 ON CELLAR FLOOR - A PAIR OF FEET

Naked, HUMAN feet, HIT THE FLOOR with a SLAP, and a naked human MAN rises slowly. Tall, lean, seemingly unaffected by the STORM of bats screeching and flapping all around him...

For the record: VLAD THE IMPALER was a Romanian prince whose hobby was violent murder... but that was hundreds of years ago. NOW he's your basic, run-of-the-mill, undead personification of evil. No blood in his face. Plenty in his eyes.

They are eyes you NEVER want to look directly into.

He moves across the cellar... past the other two coffins which are OPEN and EMPTY... to an iron torch-holder with a pressed tuxedo on a hanger. He reaches for a long black cape...

9 OMIT

10 EXT. TRANSYLVANIAN GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Now fully dressed, the Dark Prince strolls the moors, basking in the death and decay around him. He STOPS suddenly -- senses pricked -- fixated on TWO RED EYES glowing in the darkness, accompanied by a low, guttural GROWLING...

And THAT'S WHEN a huge WOLF LEAPS SNARLING from the bushes -- and proceeds to lick the man's face. He scratches behind the wolf's ears, and they go off side by side toward the swamps...

11 FURTHER ON

The Dark Prince stops. Cocks his head to one side. Listening. Cautious. Beside him, the wolf GROWLS. A pause.

Then a shotgun ROARS in the night and the wolf twists and lands on the ground in a heap as

AN AGED, HAUNTED-LOOKING MAN

steps forward. He looks suspiciously like actor Peter Cushing, but is, in fact ABRAHAM VAN HELSING.

VAN HELSING

Now.

The bushes behind him explode -- sudden activity all around him -- MEN shouting, brandishing knives and guns. They swarm around the struggling, SCREAMING man/bat who proceeds to HURL THEM AWAY with incredible power as fast as they come.

The men hold him down as Van Helsing steps forward with a stake and mallet. He puts the stake to the Dark Prince's heart -- RAISES the mallet --

VAN HELSING

Auf Wiedersehen, Count Dracula.

And POUNDS THAT SUCKER home so hard YOU feel it. The VAMPIRE SCREAMS. Blood bubbles from his mouth.

Van Helsing turns to KARL, a short, muscular man with a dazed expression. He wipes the sweat and blood from his face.

VAN HELSING
Krueger. The wagon. There's
not much time...

12 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT (MATTE SHOT)

A CARRIAGE led by four horses RUMBLES PAST CAMERA... and toward the castle... which looms in the distance.

13 EXT. CASTLE DRACULA - BRIDGE - LOW ANGLE

TWO of Van Helsing's HENCHMEN light a bundle of dynamite, toss it at the front gate of the castle, and promptly run for all their worth, AS --

KA - BOOM! The ancient gating BLASTS into a million shards, showering debris AT CAMERA --

The HORSEMAN CRACKS HIS WHIP! And VAN HELSING AND HIS MEN charge across the bridge with hunting dogs on reins. Torches lit, guns drawn, running full out because there is NO TIME TO LOSE...

14 INT. CASTLE GRAND HALL - NIGHT

Stone arches a mile in the air. Carved gargoyles. Ancient debris littering the stone floor.

A FEMALE VAMPIRE feasts on a dead possum. She hears HOOF-BEATS, looks UP, as --

The huge entrance doors EXPLODE, SPLINTERS FLYING, remains KICKED OFF THEIR HINGES as men rush in BLASTING AWAY with shotguns. VAN HELSING BARRELS INTO VIEW with a sleek crossbow.

THE VAMPIRE BRIDE drops her dinner, and goes for Van Helsing's throat, hissing and spitting, and someone better remind him he's supposed to be scared, 'cause he doesn't even blink, he simply loads a wooden stake into the crossbow and fires, BAM -- !

He steps over the corpse, runs a nervous hand through his hair. Grim. Determined. TWO of his MEN cross the chamber to a huge, tattered tapestry hanging between staircases. Van Helsing nods to the men... who tug it loose. It falls to the floor --

REVEALING a creepy STONE ALTAR guarded by a GRINNING SKELETON... Van Helsing sucks in his breath because there, atop the altar --

-- is... The AMULET.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

Which amulet, you ask? Why, the ancient, intricately carved metal amulet which even now seems to PULSE with a life of its own... Yeah, THAT amulet.

Van Helsing looks at his pocket-watch. Almost midnight.

VAN HELSING
Three minutes. The girl. Now.

The amulet flickers...throbs with COLOR... as Van Helsing unrolls a piece of ancient, YELLOW PARCHMENT covered with Gothic German lettering. He turns --

AS A BEAUTIFUL PEASANT GIRL is ushered into the room. Did I say ushered? I meant shoved....

VAN HELSING
Let's hurry a bit, shall we?

The amulet GLOWS...

15 EXT. TRANSYLVANIAN COUNTRYSIDE - SAME

KARL is still outside in the WOODS surrounding the castle, left to guard the wagons... grumbling, tossing gear into a carriage.

Around him the wind picks up, CLOUDS roll in... Dark. Ominous. Lightning FLICKERS... causing Karl to SHIVER, and as he turns...

A FEMALE VAMPIRE strides calmly out of the woods... white, blood-spattered gown... fish-white skin and dripping fangs.

Karl gasps in shock... and wastes no time. He grabs a crossbow, loads a wood stake and FIRES -- ! GLITCH. One dead vampire... which would be swell... IF she'd been alone.

She wasn't.

ANOTHER VAMPIRE grabs Karl from behind. He SCREAMS, loads another stake and BAM -- ! Another one bites the dust... Except, just then, LIGHTNING flashes yet again...

And we see that he is SURROUNDED by three more female vampires... Moving in. Circling. Ever have one of those days when there's just too darn many female vampires?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

He fires a stake, BAM -- ! A vampire pitches over dead... Fires another, BAM -- ! This is getting gross... Reaches for another stake... and guess what?

There aren't any.

Karl is slightly upset. He starts ripping open bags, plowing through supplies, and the last vampire bride is practically on top of him, and where the heck did he leave those stakes, for Chrissakes? -- and she's getting CLOSER -- so what does he do?

He does what you or I would do. The only thing he CAN do: he reaches into the carriage and pulls the stake out of Dracula's corpse. Ooops.

BAM -- ! The last female vampire hits the dirt... and Karl heaves a sigh of relief, and leans back against the carriage, and that's when Dracula SITS UP RIGHT BEHIND HIM and we

SLAM-CUT TO:

16 INT. CASTLE GRAND HALL - AS BEFORE

Now things are REALLY moving. The wind is blowing something FIERCE, while at the altar the PEASANT GIRL stands wearing a ceremonial ROBE, reciting ALOUD from the parchment scroll.

THE AMULET starts glowing even brighter... and now the wind is shrieking, and stone starts to CLATTER down from above... And the floor BUCKLES, and Van Helsing sweats, cause NOW he's afraid, you don't need to remind him, and suddenly someone YELLS:

HENCHMAN
Dr. Van Helsing!

AS A ROTTING HAND BLASTS up through the floor -- and ANOTHER --

And yet ANOTHER -- as the room begins to swarm with living CORPSES, while the wind is positively SCREAMING in the turrets...

And so it's a pretty lousy time for the peasant girl to get cold feet, and yet: SHE STOPS READING, too afraid to go on -- Van Helsing GRABS her roughly and says:

VAN HELSING
READ, OR WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

Corpses crawl up through the floor. Thunder. Lightning. Wind. A HURRICANE of sound, a deafening crescendo, and the peasant girl takes a deep breath, and reads the scroll's FINAL LINE:

PEASANT GIRL
"Bitte, tuen sie uns nicht weh."

17 At which point, my friends, all Hell breaks loose.

THE AMULET explodes with color and light --

And suddenly A CRACK appears in mid-air... a blinding flash of ENERGY which spirals faster... and faster... faster still, like an ENERGY WHIRLPOOL... Sucking everything in the room toward it.

Van Helsing. His men. The corpses.

ONE OF THE DEAD clutches at Van Helsing and drags him to the floor... Now they are both sucked toward the whirlpool, kicking and screaming...

One of Van Helsing's henchmen literally FLIES THROUGH THE AIR and disappears into the vortex --

And Van Helsing is still locked in a death-struggle with the howling creature... being sucked head over heels toward the energy field, toward his doom, and as the sound reaches a DEAFENING CRESCENDO, as we have absolutely no fucking idea what is going on except it's very LOUD and very BRIGHT, we SUDDENLY

CUT TO BLACK :

18

Silence.

A single TITLE CARD APPEARS: "THE MONSTER SQUAD"

19 FADE IN:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Hooray, SCHOOL'S OUT! The sun shines, birds sing, and KIDS GALORE EXODUS out of Curt Siodmak Elementary School. We're talking bikes, basketballs, PeeChee folders, skateboards, laughing, yelling, and NOTHING remotely SCARY in the least.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

CAMERA CRANES DOWN through the trees, past pig-tailed beauties and booger-eating geeks... all the way to a WINDOW with open venetian blinds. We suddenly become DEPRESSED. Why? Because:

20 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. METZGER, a stern, silly-looking man, sits at his desk across from one PATRICK RHODES: sincere, impetuous, soon to be a hero, only right now he's in TROUBLE...

MR. METZGER

Mr. Rhodes.

PATRICK

Patrick.

MR. METZGER

Patrick. Do you see this file folder?

PATRICK

Yes, sir.

MR. METZGER

Do you see how the edges are folded back? There's a term for that. It's called dog-eared.

PATRICK

Yeah, my comics get that way sometimes. Maybe if you put it under a heavy object like --

MR. METZGER

Patrick.

PATRICK

Dog-eared. Right. Gotcha.

MR. METZGER

And for something to BECOME dog-eared, it has to be handled. Am I right?

PATRICK

I guess. I mean... unless you dropped it and it bent. I guess you didn't drop it.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

MR. METZGER

No, Patrick. If I dropped it, it might spill, and the floor would be covered with discipline reports. Lots of them. And some wonderful artwork as well.

(removes a page)

I'm sorry, this is...?

A YOUNG VOICE ANSWERS from offscreen --

VOICE

Wolfman... That's the Wolfman.

--- as SEAN CRENSHAW is ushered into the office. Spill of dark hair, a T-shirt which says STEPHEN KING RULES. Sean is a born leader. Too bad he looks like a nerd.

MR. METZGER

Mr. Crenshaw. Delighted you could join us.

He pulls out another FOLDER and drops it on his desk. It is even thicker than Patrick's. Ouch. Sean sits beside Patrick.

PATRICK

Your file has dog ears.

MR. METZGER

Patrick and I were just this... preoccupation you boys seem to have during Mrs. Carlsen's science class. A preoccupation with... monsters? Any thoughts?

Sean shifts nervously. Shrugs.

SEAN

I dunno. I just think they're cool, I mean, me and Patrick even started a monster club.

MR. METZGER

A monster club.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Can I just say something here? I mean, Mrs. Carlsen is fine and all, and the other kids kinda laugh at that moustache she has but I NEVER do, even when it's really hard 'cause when she turns sideways the hair sticks out and she looks like a cat, but I never call her Meow Mix like the other guys, I swear to God, cause I like her, I mean --

MR. METZGER

Mr. Rhodes, what are you trying to say?

SEAN

Um, I think he means, sir, that we both LIKE Mrs. Carlsen's science class, but... sometimes it gets... kinda... you know...

(Patrick nods)

... boring. So he draws, I write stories.

MR. METZGER

Yes, I believe this is one of yours...

(reads)

"Beast With No Head Meets Sand Monster..." I assume Sand Monster wins?

SEAN

Uh, no, sir. Beast With No Head. Shoots him with a flamethrower and turns him into glass.

Mr. Metzger nods. Sighs. And then, he abruptly STANDS, walks around the desk... and launches into the following CONDESCENDING speech:

MR. METZGER

Boys... I hear you. I was a kid once. I thought monsters were "cool". And maybe... gosh, maybe I'm just a big kid, because Sean, Patrick: I think science is "cool". I DIG it, man.

The boys exchange glances, swallow hard: okay, the guy's flipping out, let's stay calm.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

MR. METZGER

Now I'm sure that both of you
know a great deal about monsters.
That's not the issue here. The
issue is...

(beat)

Science is real. Monsters are not.

Sean clears his throat.

SEAN

We don't know that.

SLAM CUT TO:

21 A HIDEOUS APPARITION rises into frame -- UGLY, disgusting,
a nightmare of living horror! It is, of course:

SEAN AND PATRICK

-- Mrs. Carlsen.

They weren't lying. Her head is undeniably cat-like.
She looks daggers at them as they come out of the prin-
cipal's office:

21-A INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR

A locker SLAMS. Sean makes soft MEWING noises.

PATRICK

She's married, Sean. Some guy
KISSES her.

(Sean shakes his head)
I mean, a priest said, "I pro-
nounce you man and wife" and it
was OKAY with him??

SEAN

Maybe he works for the SPCA.

(beat)

Man, can you BELIEVE Mr. Metzger?

(CONTINUED)

21-A CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Tell me about it! Before you came in he was putting his hands on me and patting my shoulder and stuff -- the guy was fully mo-ing out.

(sniffs his shirt)
I smell like the 1940's.

SEAN

How come when they send you to school, they don't tell you about homos and people with cat heads?

PATRICK

We should write the School District.

SEAN

Dear School District: Mrs. Carlson says monsters are stupid, and besides she has a cat head. What should I do. Signed, student.

PATRICK

Dear Student: Become a homo and go out with Mr. Metzger.

(they laugh)
God, I wish it was Friday.

SEAN

It IS Friday.

PATRICK

Only FAIRIES grant wishes.

SEAN

(looking around)
Hey, where's the Fat Kid?

22 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Enter FAT KID. We love him instantly: you have to love someone who tries so hard to be liked and fails so spectacularly.

He looks up from a) reading a comic book, b) chewing an Almond Joy bar, and c) pulling his underwear out of his butt, to SEE:

That his path is now blocked by two MEAN KIDS, E.J. and DEREK. Not that you won't notice, but they are sadistic little turds. They will grow up, get bald, and sell you a used car.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

E.J.
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to our show. Tonight's question: What makes Fat Kid fat? Fat Kid?

FAT KID
Get outa here, E.J.

E.J.
"Get outa here, E.J." Hmm. Not a good answer.

DEREK
Nope. Doesn't make any sense.

E.J.
Let's go to our man in the street. Derek.

DEREK
Hi, I'm Derek and I'm in the street, where Fat Kid is blocking traffic. Fat Kid: Can't you stop eating?

E.J.
Is it true you want to look like a retard?

Derek
You ate beans for lunch. Is it true the army plans to use you in fart warfare, or is it just a rumor?

Finally, Fat Kid can take no more --

FAT KID
Look, just -- BUG OFF!

E.J.
Ooooh, I'm so scared, I wet my pants.

FAT KID
Look, I have a glandular problem, okay? At least I don't have a... STUPIDITY problem.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

Everything STOPS. A pause.

E.J.
What'ja say? Huh?
(shoves Fat Kid lamely)
What'ja say, Fat Kid?

FAT KID
(quietly)
My name's Horace.

E.J. and Derek are amused by this. E.J. takes the comic book from Fat Kid, who stands there sweating, afraid, as E.J. slowly TEARS THE COMIC down the middle.

E.J.
Ooops. Sorry, Fat Kid, I tore
it. Guess I must have a stupid-
ity problem.

Struggling against tears, Fat Kid mumbles something.

E.J.
What d'you say? Huh?
Faggot?

FAT KID
(gulp)
... I said you're an
asshole.

Ever wish you hadn't said something?

E.J. SHOVES Fat Kid. Hard. In the gut. Fat Kid doubles over like a deflated balloon, but E.J. isn't finished; he POUNCES on him, laying punches into him, except right then, without warning --

THERE IS A SCREECH OF RUBBER... and a bike tire skids to a halt. E.J. spins around, annoyed... stops dead. The blood drains from his face... Why?

Because RUDY HALLORAN has just arrived.

Everyone freezes... RUDY strikes a match off his sneaker, slowly raises it -- WE PAN up with his hand... past pegged jeans... sleeveless T-shirt... to a dangling cigarette, which the match promptly lights....

And through a cloud of smoke we get our first good look at just what COOL is all about: Picture actor Mickey Rourke. Now make him a junior high shop major, 13 years old. That's Rudy.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

Derek boogies. Fast. E.J. releases Fat Kid, rises.

E.J.

Hey, Rudy.

RUDY

(nods)

E.J.

(drags on the smoke)

See you know my friend Horace.

(to Fat Kid)

You okay?

Fat Kid nods weakly, still lying doubled over.

E.J.

Listen, Rudy --

RUDY

(points)

Ssshh. Dropped your candy bar.

E.J.

Uh uh, it's his.

RUDY

Yours now.

E.J.

I won't pick on him Rudy,
I promise...

E.J.

But --

RUDY

Eat up... we'll call it a day.

Rudy is deadly calm. E.J. reaches down, picks up the candy bar... IT IS COVERED with dirt and fuzz and maybe even (choke) dogshit. Rudy puffs on his smoke.

On E.J.'s big, nauseating bite, we discretely

CUT TO:

23 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - BATON ROUGE - LATER

SUBURBIA hasn't set in here yet. Shady oak trees, houses built in the 20's and 30's, nice lawns, and mild-mannered Dads hopelessly mangling K-Mart garage door openers.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

SEAN
Wolfman can NOT drive a car!

SEAN AND PATRICK head home from school, backpacks across their shoulders, Patrick on his skateboard. Dogging their steps is an eight year-old dazzler named PHOEBE... Sean's little sister.

PATRICK
All's I'm saying is, he could if he had to.

SEAN
Could not.

PATRICK
Could so.

SEAN
Could not, DORK.

PATRICK
I know you are, but what am I?

SEAN
Dork.

PATRICK
I know you are, but what am I?

As Phoebe walks, she strips a daisy of its petals one by one, chanting the age-old litany:

PHOEBE
He loves me, he loves me not...
He loves me, he loves me not...

SEAN
(exasperated)
Phoebe, would you cut it out?
That's incredibly immature.

Being a little sister, she naturally continues.

SEAN
Look, Wolfman is the same as a wolf, okay? He doesn't... go to work, he's not like a guy.

PATRICK
What d'you mean? He walks around, he wears pants --

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

SEAN

THAT'S because those movies
were made in the '40s and he HAD
to wear pants so you wouldn't
see his... his wolf-dork.

PATRICK

Wolf-dork?

Phoebe YELPS, clutches Sean's arm.

PHOEBE

YOU GUYS!

(points)

I saw him! He was watching us.

SEAN

Who?

PHOEBE

(scared whisper)

Scary German Guy...

Sean and Patrick follow her gaze. They SEE:

A HOUSE, not unlike all the others, except less well-kept.
Peeling paint. Brownish curtains. Weeds. You just
KNOW it smells inside. The kids MOVE CAUTIOUSLY past the
house.

PATRICK

That guy gives me the creeps.

SEAN

Lighten up. It's just some
old guy on welfare.

PATRICK

Maybe he's a German spy.

SEAN

Good one. We're not even at
war with Germany, we're at war
with Vietnam.

PATRICK

Nuh uh.

SEAN

Uh huh. It's in RAMBO.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

The three of them look back at the house as they continue walking forward... not looking where they're going. They walk smack-dab into --

FAT KID
You guys missed it!

WE SEE Rudy on his bike, several paces behind Fat Kid. He takes off a pair of Ray-bans.

FAT KID
Rudy saved my life, so I said
he could be in the monster club,
can he?

Sean and Patrick eye Rudy. Rudy eyes them back. The monster club huddles.

PATRICK
Sean, he's in Junior High.

PHOEBE
I heard he killed his dad.

FAT KID
Butt out, Phoebe.

PHOEBE
Make me, Fat Kid.

FAT KID
My name's Horace.

PHOEBE
Your parents are so mean.
(goes back to)
Loves me, loves me not...

Fat Kid grabs her flower.

FAT KID
He thinks you're a fart, he
thinks you're a turd. THERE!
He thinks you're a turd.

Phoebe backs off, pouting sadly. It is so adorable, you want to fall down and die.

SEAN
Okay. We should let him in...
On ONE condition.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

They all exchange looks. A beat.

SEAN/PATRICK/FAT KID
Monster test.

They MOVE OFF down the sidewalk, leaving Phoebe behind, staring mesmerized at the house of the legendary Scary German Guy. Her eyes suddenly WIDEN WITH HORROR, because:

Staring from a window, is the weathered old face of SCARY GERMAN GUY himself, peering through the curtains, grinning with cracked, yellow teeth... Heh heh, kiddies...

Phoebe manages to uproot her frozen feet and dash off down the street --

SCARY GERMAN GUY stares after her, shakes his head, draws the curtains and as he does, WE do a George Lucas style

WIPE TO:

24 EXT. CARGO PLANE - DUSK

A battered old twin-prop plane chugs along through the twilight sky. Time to SWITCH GEARS, 'cause the scary part is next...

25 INT COCKPIT - SAME

Two seedy-looking pilots, MIKE and DENNIS. They are the airborne equivalent of the truckers you see along Interstate 5.

Dennis looks out at an endless landscape of swampland. Mike reads a comic book. A transistor radio plays "Monster Mash".

DENNIS
(pulls out a
stick of gum)
I'm depressed.

MIKE
What are you depressed about?

DENNIS
Our passengers are all dead.

MIKE
So?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

DENNIS

Whaddya mean, "So?" They're dead, I should have a party?

MIKE

It's not your fault. Besides, do they complain? Do they get airsick? Do they ask for more of the little almond things?

DENNIS

(thinks it over)
You're right. This job is great. I'm very happy.

MIKE

That's the spirit.

DENNIS

I'm gonna buy a puppy.

MIKE

(calls over
his shoulder)

You hear that, guys? My pal's buying a PUPPY!

(nothing
but silence)

No, but seriously, I just flew in from New York, CRAZY town, CRAZY town.

(beat)

No sense of humor.

DENNIS

Dead crowd.

MIKE

Ouch.

He unwraps another stick of gum, just as from the rear compartment -- there is a very distinct THUMP. Mike and Dennis exchange looks.

DENNIS

I thought they were dead.

MIKE

They are. You must be really funny.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

DENNIS
I'm gonna check it out.

MIKE
I'll stay here and make
spooky sounds.

26 INT. CARGO HOLD - SAME

Here we go, boys and girls: DENNIS opens the hatchway and steps into the rear compartment... shuts the hatch. CLANG.

Looks around: the cargo hold is filled with WOODEN CRATES... about six feet long by three feet wide, some of them bearing the legend "CADAVERS - STORE AT REDUCED TEMPERATURE".

One PARTICULAR CRATE seems larger and older than the rest. On its side, the stenciled word "BAVARIA", and another word, this one harder to read, but as Dennis approaches, we make out the letters: F-R-A-N-K-E... Gulp.

Dennis leans over the crate, brushes away the dust, and the suspense mounts until, just as he straightens up - WE HEAR ANOTHER THUMP. Dennis jumps a foot. Then frowns, puzzled... because, get this, the THUMP is coming from OUTSIDE THE PLANE.

Like any good B-movie extra, Dennis turns to the cargo door, shines his flashlight on it, and...

IT FLINGS OPEN... a SCREAM OF WIND... ROARING turbines... and

Dennis leans forward to have a look ---

And that's when A BIG OLD BAT comes shrieking into his face.

Okay. Pry yourself off the ceiling, it was a cheap scare.

THE BAT flutters behind a stack of crates... Dennis mutters, pissed off, rummages around and finally comes up with a wicked-looking ALLEN WRENCH.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

He grins, ready to kick ass, turns around -- and without warning, A HAND SLAPS HIM BACKWARD against the bulkhead. He collapses in a heap. Yep, you guessed it --

COUNT DRACULA stands over his unconscious form. Tuxedo. Cape. A cane with a GOLDEN WOLF'S HEAD at its tip.

He crosses to the big crate, bends over it, face in shadow... grips the edge and begins with SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, to pry open the lid. His eyes glow BLOOD RED with determination....

There is a SCRAPING NOISE behind Dracula. He stops. Turns. DENNIS is sitting up. Ragged cut across his forehead, but he's still conscious... and he's got hold of a steel LEVER.

He throws it down.

27 Stuff happens. First, the plane's BOMB BAY doors fall open with a CRASH OF GEARS -- and the CRATE plummets headlong into open space.

28 Second: Dracula doesn't.

29 Instead he hovers in mid-air over where the floor USED to be. Holy shit... He SNARLS at Dennis, eyes blood red -- and HIDEOUS WINGS sprout through his clothing. Dennis chokes in fear.

30 And Dracula drops like a stone. Out of the plane, plunging into airspace. DENNIS lunges forward, peers over the edge... The wind whips his hair, and his eyes widen with SHOCK --

31 DENNIS' POV (MATTE SHOT)

Below us is an endless stretch of twilight swamp. THE CRATE is still falling, end over end... And DRACULA, too, plummets headfirst, changing before our eyes into a disgusting VAMPIRE BAT. Transformation in free-fall, we're talking awesome...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

DRACULA'S CAPE is torn free by the wind. It flutters off toward the horizon, where the FULL MOON is just now ascending....

32 EXT. SWAMP - DUSK

The huge crate PLUNGES through the trees and lands with a mighty KER-SPLASH in the middle of the swamp... where it sinks below the surface without a trace...

33 WE MOVE TO... a mossy cypress tree. A BAT hangs from a branch upside down. Its eyes GLOW blood red...

34 EXT. NIGHTTIME SKY - SAME

DRACULA'S CAPE is still fluttering on the breeze... descends through the twilight sky... flutters TO REST in the upper branches of a big oak tree.

FAT KID'S VOICE (o.s.)
Two ways to kill a vampire.

CAMERA CRANES DOWN through the branches, until WE SEE:

RUDY'S VOICE (o.s.)
Uh... stake through the
heart?

FAT KID'S VOICE (o.s.)
Right. What else...?

35 EXT. CRENSHAW BACK YARD - DUSK

A TREE hangs over a babbling creek, and IN the tree is...

THE MONSTER CLUBHOUSE: a masterpiece of the tree builder's art. Everything a ten year-old could want in a treehouse and more. Kids, try this at home.

WE CLOSE ON RUDY, looking out an opening with a pair of binoculars.

RUDY
You've gotta be kidding me...

(CONTINUED)

36-A RUDY'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL 16 YEAR-OLD BLONDE YOU EVER SAW IN YOUR LIFE rises from a swimming pool next door. She is back-lit by the setting sun; tan, gorgeous legs, spill of lustrous blonde hair, pert young, -- er excuse me a minute...

SEAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

RUDY!?

36 INT. MONSTER CLUBHOUSE - DUSK

Rudy snaps out of it. WE WIDEN TO REVEAL...

SEAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

This is a monster test, come on, it's important! Second way to kill a vampire.

Male adolescent paradise. Comic books, toys, magazines, posters, movie stills... All the Aurora monster models, including Forgotten Prisoner of Castle Mare (who isn't really a monster, but hell with it).

RUDY
I give up. Daylight?

And meet two more members of our club: EUGENE, 5, doesn't say much, is adorable. And then there's PETE THE DOG. Pete is Eugene's constant companion, and to say he's cute is to say Lake Michigan is a trifle damp.

FAT KID
SUN light.

PATRICK
Fat Kid? What OTHER kind of light is there during the day?!

Eugene tries to eat a candy bar, Pete paws at his arm. Eugene ignores him, Pete moves in with his NOSE. Eugene holds the candy over his head.

EUGENE
Go 'way, Pete.

Pete is a dog: this advice makes no sense. He barrels in and gobbles the candy, drenches Eugene with his tongue.

WE FINALLY REST ON the panel of questioners: Sean, Patrick and fat Kid. A candle is lit, the lighting dim, like a seance. We're talking real ritual stuff here.

(CONTINUED)

36. CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Okay. Question Two. Is Frankenstein the name of the monster, or the guy who made him?

RUDY

The guy.

SEAN

Right.

There is a KNOCK On the trap door. Sean opens it to REVEAL PHOEBE, hanging on the rope swing outside. There is a stencilled sign on the door: "NO GIRLS ALLOWED".

SEAN

Can't you read?

PHOEBE

Mom says you have to let me in the club or else it's prescription.

SEAN

Discrimination, jerkoid! Prescription's drugs, which you're ON if you think you're getting in the club!

(drops the door, looks up)

Two ways to kill a werewolf.

RUDY

(a beat)

Silver bullet?

FAT KID

And...?

RUDY

That's it. Shoot him with a silver bullet.

PATRICK

Nuh-UH. Sorry, Rudy.

RUDY

(shrugs, lights a cigarette)

No sweat. What's the other way?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

Patrick and Fat Kid look at each other.

SEAN

What?

RUDY

Second way to kill a
werewolf.

PATRICK

(he's trapped)

Uh...

SEAN

Car crash?

Rudy just looks at them. The "experts" shift
uncomfortably.

PATRICK

Accident with power tools.

FAT KID

Old age?

SEAN

Falling out a window -- onto
a bomb?

Rudy shakes his head.

MRS. CRENSHAW (o.s.)

SEAN! PHOEBE! DINNER!

SEAN

Whoops. Gotta go.

RUDY

Wait. Am I in or what?

SEAN

Tell you later.

37 EXT. TREEHOUSE - SAME

Phoebe sits at the base of the tree, as Sean appears,
climbs down the wooden ladder.

(CONTINUED)

38 INT. MONSTER CLUBHOUSE

The remaining kids look at each other. A beat. They pull PLAYBOY magazines from every possible place of concealment.

39 INT. CRENSHAW KITCHEN - SAME

A television BLATHERS as EMILY CRENSHAW sweats over a box of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee's finest. SEAN AND PHOEBE enter through the screen door.

EMILY

Wash up for dinner, guys.

They head for the door. Sean sees something on the kitchen table and stops: an old, crumbling BOOK.

SEAN

What's this, Mom?

EMILY

Huh? Oh. I found that for you at Jane Birge's garage sale today. Says it came from that old house out on Shadowbrook Road...

Phoebe crowds next to Sean as he takes the book and examines it. The cover is ancient, with faded gold letters: ABRAHAM VAN HELSING. Sean's eyes go wide.

SEAN

Holy sit-- um, cow. Mom, do you know who wrote this?

EMILY

Van Helsing something. He's the one who fights Godzilla, right?

SEAN

Dracula, Mom.

EMILY

Oh. Which is the really tall one?

SEAN

Godzilla.

(beat)

God, thanks, Mom, this is great. This is...

(stops)

This is German.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

EMILY

Well, take classes and you'll be
able to read it.

SEAN

Cute, Mom.

He exits, as Phoebe begins to dance around her mother.

PHOEBE

Look, Mommy, I'm dancing to
the news.

39-A Unfortunately, she also tries to sing to the news, and whereas the T.V. ANNOUNCER says something like:

ANNOUNCER (v.o.)

...The mummy of Egyptian Pharaoh
Kantanka-Ra, featured in the City
Museum for a two week exhibition,
beginning tomorrow...

39-B -- Phoebe sings something like:

PHOEBE

The MUM. MUMMY-MUMMY-MUM.
Katanka. TANKA-TANKA-TANK!

Outside the window we see the neighbors moving back
ease. Not really, but it's that annoying.

EMILY

Phoebe, I'm listening to that.
Go wash up. Isn't your show on?

PHOEBE

PTA says I can't watch that
show.

EMILY

They do, huh?

PHOEBE

Too much sex.

EMILY

Watch the show.
(Under her
breath)
We could use a little
sex in this house.

(CONTINUED)

39-B CONTINUED:

Phoebe goes into the living room. Emily sighs... and her eyes stray to a PHOTOGRAPH on the wall: the two children. Herself. Her husband DEL, in a spanking new POLICE Uniform. Shiny badge.

Something happens in Emily's eyes; a surrender to despair. The kitchen is a mess. She picks up the flower stem which Phoebe left on the counter...

40 EXT. A BLUFF - NIGHT

The town is spread out before us like a blanket of gems, as -- a HEARSE pulls to a stop. Jet black. A SILVER SKULL hood ornament...

The engine shuts off, and WE MOVE TO THE DOOR... IT OPENS... and two feet step out... WE FOLLOW THEM to the edge of the bluff.

COUNT DRACULA, PRINCE OF DARKNESS

stands, surveying the town below, the wind ruffling his hair. Dark clouds gather overhead as he CHUCKLES, soft and low.

DRACULA

Let it begin....

41 INT. HALLWAY - CRENSHAW HOME - NIGHT

SEAN moves down the upstairs hallway, passes the bathroom door. Catches sight of his FATHER, shaving.

41-1A INT. CRENSHAW BEDROOM

In the f.g. we see a GUN and BADGE hanging from a bed-post. Sean passes the gun on his way into the --

41-A INT. BATHROOM

DEL CRENSHAW is closing in on 40, with a face a little too bland to be called handsome.

He cuts himself shaving, flinches. Spots SEAN.

DEL

Hey, slick. Busy day?

SEAN

Not really. Shoot anybody today?

(CONTINUED)

41-A CONTINUED:

DEL

'Fraid not. Still may if
you don't wash up for dinner.

SEAN

Okay.

He stands there.

DEL

What's on your mind?

SEAN

Well, some of the guys and
me, we were maybe gonna go
see Groundhog Day Part 12
tonight if it's okay with
you, is it okay please say
yes?

DEL

Ouch. We got a problem.

SEAN

No way.

DEL

Yes way. I have to go out
with your mother tonight,
and you got a certain seven
year-old sister who needs
babysitting. Sorry 'bout that.

SEAN

Dad, I've been waiting all year
to see this movie!

DEL

Easy, pal. It's only a movie.
Look, tomorrow night I'll get
home early and you and I will
go see Groundhog Day. Fair?

SEAN

Tomorrow? Dad, tomorrow I'll
know everything, the guys'll blab
the entire plot!

(CONTINUED)

41-A CONTINUED:

DEL

Son. Trust me. There ain't --

SEAN

Isn't.

DEL

-- isn't any plot, there's a bozo with an axe and anyway, I thought they killed him in the last one.

SEAN

Dad, you can't kill him, he keeps coming BACK.

DELL

Well maybe, just maybe, someone should get a clue, and freeze him or make friends with him or something, 'cause when they kill him all he does is keep showing up and you say Dad, give me five bucks and no, I can't babysit my only sister because this time they cut off his head and send it to Norway, and isn't that a great plot? See what I'm saying?

SEAN

Dad, all I want to do is see a stupid movie.

DEL

Well, you can't. You're babysitting.

SEAN

Fine. Can I have five bucks anyway?

DEL

Sure.

SEAN

So where are you and Mom going tonight?

DEL

(beat)

Marriage counselor.

(CONTINUED)

41-A CONTINUED:

SEAN
(beat)

Again?

Del lights a cigarette, inhales.

SEAN
I thought you quit smoking.DEL
I did.SEAN
That's really bad for your
lungs.DEL
Son, I love you dearly. Now
put your basic lid on it.
(telephone RINGS)
Saved by the bell.

41-B Del grabs the receiver.

DEL
Hello, yeah.

42 INT. POLICE SQUADROOM - SAME TIME (INTERCUT)

On the other end is SAPIR, a burned out cop whose tie
is always crooked. Behind him, some sort of COMMOTION
is in progress.SAPIR
Hey, Del. Bad news.

42-A DEL listens. Closes his eyes, counts to three. Sighs.

DEL
City Museum, right.

43 INT. CRENSHAW KITCHEN - SAME

Emily Crenshaw is setting the table as DEL comes through
in a hurry, putting on his coat.DEL
Can you reschedule that appoint-
ment? I gotta go downtown.

(CONTINUED)

43. CONTINUED:

EMILY

You're going. Just like that.

DEL

Honey, I'm a cop, okay? You knew that when you bought the package.

(sighs)

Look, it's important.

EMILY

I'm important.

DEL

Yes. And you'll still be here when I get back.

(beat)

Will you?

EMILY

Leave now.

DEL

I love you.

EMILY

Prove it.

DEL

(pause)

See you in a few hours.

He is gone. Emily Crenshaw picks up his dinner plate, clears his setting... HEAVES them into the sink with a CRASH!

43-A OMIT

44. INT. POLICE SQUADROOM - SAME

Back at the police station, SAPIR throws on a coat and exits... as TWO COPS rush past him toward the COMMOTION we saw earlier:

A BEEFY COP is trying to restrain a DESPERATE-LOOKING MAN with a five-day beard and big hollows under his eyes. The man is becoming increasingly PANICKED:

DESPERATE MAN

I'm tellin' ya, you gotta lock
me up. Put me in a cage.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

BEEFY COP
Buddy, I'd like nothing better,
just hold your pants on...

The OTHER COPS arrive, flanking the struggling man.

DESPERATE MAN
You don't understand, you've GOTTA
HURRY, I can't resist for long...

BEEFY COP
Yeah, well try real hard, okay?

DESPERATE MAN
Oh, God, IT HURTS!

COP #1
PCP.

DESPERATE MAN
You people are not listening to me!

COP #2
Back off, Mike. He's on dust.

DESPERATE MAN
I'm not dusted, you moron, I was
BITTEN BY A WEREWOLF!

COP #1
A werewolf?! Why didn't you
say so?

BEEFY COP
Hey, ladies, how about helping me
book this bozo --

DESPERATE MAN
Yes, BOOK ME! You gotta put me
away NOW --

A sound of pain escapes his throat, and HIS HEAD WHIPS
AROUND, staring out a window. And there, wouldn't you
know it, is the

45 FULL MOON, peeking from behind a cloud
bank...

(CONTINUED)

46

BEEFY COP
 Gimmee a nightstick, I can't
 -- JESUS!

The desperate man wrenches free. SUPERHUMAN strength.
 In the blink of an eye he grabs a GUN from the cop's
 holster. SCREAMS.

DESPERATE MAN
 LOCK ME UP!!

Triggers TWO SHOTS, blowing out GLASS over their heads,
 the cops dive for cover as -- A ROOKIE, scared shitless,
 comes charging around the corner, gun drawn, and the
 desperate man SPINS TOWARD HIM, armed --

COP #2
 NOOO!!!

But it's too late, the ROOKIE opens fire, BLAM! BLAM!
 BLAM! and on the deafening shots we

SLAM-CUT TO:

47 INT. CITY MUSEUM - NIGHT

Hushed, cavernous. One is tempted to drop a pin.
 A sign reads: EGYPTIAN KINGS, LIMITED TIME EXHIBITION.

DEL CRENSHAW AND SAPIR are currently questioning the
 world's oldest living NIGHT WATCHMAN. He looks like
 Larry "Bud" Melman and speaks in clipped "Yessirs" and
 "Nossirs."

Behind them is an EMPTY SARCOPHAGUS. Sapir rubs his
 eyes.

SAPIR
 Listen. I'm a very good police-
 man, do you believe that?

WATCHMAN
 Yes, sir.

SAPIR
 Now you're saying there was a
 2000 year-old dead guy here.

WATCHMAN
 Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

SAPIR
And now he's NOT here. Gone.
History.

WATCHMAN
Yes, sir.

SAPIR
But you didn't hear anyone come
in. Or leave. Can you hear me
now? HELLO.

WATCHMAN
I can hear you fine, sir.

SAPIR
Right. So nobody took the mummy.

WATCHMAN
I would have heard them.

SAPIR
Did you take it?

WATCHMAN
No, sir.

SAPIR
Just a shot.
(beat)
That's it, this case is too hard.
Let's be firemen instead.

Del cuffs him.

DEL
I'm glad you're getting major
laughs out of this, Rich, the
problem is 2000 year-old dead
guys don't get up and walk
away by themselves!

48 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

SLIMY, 2000 YEAR-OLD FEET trudge slowly along the pavement, step after torturous step, trailing a length of rotting bandage...

AN AMBULANCE goes screaming by, and the CAMERA PANS WITH IT --

(CONTINUED)

49 INT. AMBULANCE - SAME

In the back lies the body of the DESPERATE MAN, riddled with five bullets. Chest a mass of blood. His arm hangs off the stretcher... dead and limp. That is, until --

50 EXT. NIGHTTIME SKY

The FULL MOON emerges blood-red from behind the clouds.

51 BACK IN THE AMBULANCE

Something funny starts happening. HAIR IS GROWING on the otherwise dead hand, that's number one. Second, the SKIN. Starting to ripple, and stretch...

Without warning a single, flattened BULLET is pushed upward through the skin, and EJECTED like an unwanted virus. Then the other bullets. P-toink! P-toink! ALL ejected. And more hair, growing faster... THE FINGERS CLENCHING INTO A TALONED FIST.

The oblivious AMBULANCE DRIVER is switching the radio dial, as -- THE WOLFMAN JUMPS HIM from behind!

52 EXT. HILLTOP DRIVE-IN THEATER - NIGHT

Stars twinkle, crickets chirp... a positively magical spring evening... Especially at the MOTOR MOVIE DRIVE-IN THEATER, where the feature attraction is, of course, GROUNDHOG DAY, PART 12. And if you thought the first eleven were bad...

53 ON THE MOVIE SCREEN

A SORORITY GIRL with immense, oddly-shaped breasts is alone outside a deserted house...

SORORITY GIRL
WITH IMMENSE,
ODDLY-SHAPED
BREASTS

53-A Rick...? Kevin...? Come on you guys, this isn't funny anymore...

She grabs the door to the basement, takes a deep breath... and flings it open, AND --

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

A BIG CAT flies through the air screeching, because in these films cats never just come out quietly purring, oh, no, they have to be fucking rockets and make elephant sounds, and yes, dammit, it does piss me off because it is cheap, my friends.

The girl picks up the cat, breathing a big SIGH OF RELIEF...

Until A HAND GRABS HER and she spins around, SCREAMING --

But it's only the JANITOR, who nods apologetically, nothing to worry about, except then there is ANOTHER blast of SOUND, and she spins around AND --

This time it's only TIM, the harmless shepherd, milking a goat and smiling like a buffoon and the point is, the killer NEVER SHOWS UP. Anyway, wake me if he does.

54 INT. STATION WAGON - THE DRIVE-IN

PATRICK'S FATHER is behind the wheel, reading a book. He is either extremely bored or in a coma. THE KIDS, needless to say, are not bored at all, they're eating this stuff up with a spoon.

FAT KID

This is the best one.

PATRICK

Definitely.

They're both sitting in the back, while in front is EUGENE, wearing an adorable pair of Pooh Bear pajamas. The kind with the feet. In his lap sits PETE THE DOG.

We'll never know why Eugene joined a monster club; he's damn near crapping himself at this movie. he tries to hide behind Pete, who shoves his butt squarely in Eugene's face.

FAT KID

I can't see!

PATRICK

Eugene, make him sit down.

Eugene pushes on Pete's buttocks. Pete looks around lamely, much as you would if a little kid were pushing you on your buttocks.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

FAT KID
Eugene!

PATRICK
I can't see! Sit down, Pete!

FAT KID
Let's put him in the trunk.

PATRICK
Dad, can we put him in the
trunk?

Patrick's Dad speaks without looking up.

MR. RHODES
If you put him in the trunk,
he'll suffocate.

EUGENE
He's got poo on his butt.

MR. RHODES
Put him in the trunk.

ANOTHER ANGLE

On the drive-in speaker outside the car: a big rubber band has been used to bind a WALKIE-TALKIE to the speaker post, the TRANSMIT button held in the ON position, and meanwhile ---

55 EXT. CRENSHAW ROOFTOP - SAME

An identical walkie-talkie is broadcasting the film to young SEAN CRENSHAW, who is perched on the roof of his house, and from here he can see the drive-in screen. Pretty neat, huh?

Sean takes a sip of Coke and looks away from the movie for a moment... THE TOWN spreads out below him, a blanket of light. The distant BARK of a dog. The wind picks up, ruffles his hair.

ON THE HORIZON, dark, looming clouds roll in. Lightning flickers inside them. There is definitely, as they say, something in the air.

BEHIND SEAN the window to the house creaks OPEN... and he SPINS around, startled --

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

But it's only his father. He looks tired, haggard... Climbs out onto the roof holding a paper bag. He sits down next to Sean, takes burgers and fries from the bag.

DEL

What'd I miss?

Sean looks at his father, who lights a cigarette and looks, for one moment, incredibly old... And then Del smiles... and everything's fine.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND AWAY... as they perch together on the roof, father and son... watching the movie, side by side... and it's moments like this that make all the hard parts worth it.

But on the horizon, those CLOUDS keep getting closer...

56 EXT. NIGHT SKY

as LIGHTNING strikes --

SOME HIGH-TENSION POWER LINES

Shattering the transformers --

57 EXT. BATON ROUGE - LONG SHOT

A section of town is plunged into blackness.

58 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

POLICE LIGHTS. Cops in rain slickers. The AMBULANCE we saw earlier is smashed into the side of a building, half in/half out of a shattered display window.

In the foreground SAPIR is at a patrol car, talking into a radio mic. Nearby lights WINK OUT.

SAPIR

Wonderful. What? I can't hear -- no, no, MISSING. The body is MISSING... Yeah, second one tonight, HA HA, you wanna shut up about it?

59 EXT. BAYOU - NIGHT

THUNDER. Wind. A LANTERN glows on the porch of a weather-beaten shack... An old, weather-faced BLACK MAN sits, listening to the blues on an old phonograph. He looks out across the vast swamp...

60 EXT. THE SWAMP

THE WOLFMAN prowls through the dank wilderness. SNAKES coil around tree trunks. Creepers. Spanish moss. BUZZ of insects. We're talking MAJOR atmosphere.

The werewolf STOPS and sniffs. Apprehension. He GROWLS low and threatening, then WHIRLS TO SEE --

COUNT DRACULA standing before him, eyes glowing, one hand pointing to hold the beast in obeisance. In his other hand, he wields a cane with a gold wolf's head at its tip.

The count cocks his head, moves on... and the wolfman obediently falls into step behind him... moving toward the swamp...

Finally, the count kneels at the lagoon's edge. And guess what? Something's DOWN THERE. First, we see dead fish float to the surface, and then... as Dracula watches, eyes ablaze...

A GREEN TALONED HAND BREAKS THE SURFACE. Scares us silly, while on the soundtrack we HEAR a familiar rift of horns: the theme for THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON.

The creature submerges once again. A pause. Then, it RISES LIKE A KRAKEN out of the pond, hoisting something -- DROPS IT at the count's feet... It is a crate. THE Crate.

This time we have no trouble reading the work: FRANKENSTEIN.

The creature's gills vibrate in and out, as Dracula bends low over the crate, begins to STROKE it, as you would a favorite pet.

DRACULA
It's been so long... So
very long...

THE GILL-MAN watches. As an insect goes by, his TONGUE leaps out a good two feet to snag it, while: Dracula takes his cane, holding it over the crate, pushes a button, and -- KA-SPAK! --

The cane SHOOTS OPEN to a length of four feet. See, it's no longer a cane at all, what it is, IS -- it's a LIGHTNING ROD. He holds the rod high in the air, looks to the sky.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

DRACULA
Wake up, old friend...

And JAMS THE ROD THROUGH the top of the crate. He steps back --

DRACULA
It is... our time.

And sure enough -- a CRACK OF LIGHTNING flashes down to strike the lightning rod, and BZZZTTT!! A spider-web of VOLTAGE dances in sparkling networks around the crate, until -- POW!!

A shattering EXPLOSION as the crate's wooden sides fall away, charred and smoking. The gill-man BACKS OFF with fear, fish-eyes dilating. The wolfman GROWLS...

And then, as the ECHO OF THUNDER dies slowly away... the electricity dies, the wind dies down, and all becomes still...

A HAND THRUSTS UPWARD -- stitches where it's been SEWN onto the dead wrist. Reaching out at long last, and then a voice from the grave chokes out the words:

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
Long time... Master...

The Prince of Darkness GRINS with sadistic glee. The Creature applauds. The Wolfman HOWLS... The moon rides high.

The Frankenstein Monster has awakened.

(CONTINUED)

61 INT. PHOEBE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

A MATCH flares in the darkness. EMILY CRENSHAW uses it to light a candle, then crosses to the bed where PHOEBE is tucked beneath the covers with her teddy bear.

EMILY

...And you put the candle next to your bed, like this.

PHOEBE

Your mom did this when you were a little girl?

EMILY

Uh-huy. And it means that I love you, and as long as it's here nothing bad can happen.

PHOEBE

Sean says when it lightnings, monsters come.

EMILY

He was just trying to scare you, honey.

PHOEBE

Will lightning hit the house?

EMILY

No.

PHOEBE

The candle keeps it away?

EMILY

That's right.

(kisses Phoebe)

PHOEBE

Say goodnight to Mr. Scrap.

EMILY

Goodnight, Mr. Scrap. Goodnight, sweetheart.

She starts to leave.

PHOEBE

Are you gonna yell at him?

Emily stops. Frowns.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

EMILY
Honey, I love your father --

PHOEBE
What?
(a pause)
I meant Sean. For scaring me.

EMILY
(recovering)
Oh. Of course you did. I'll
talk to him.

62 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sean sits at the kitchen table, leafing through the Van Helsing diary. We hear ANGRY VOICES from off-screen.

DEL (o.s.)
Fine. I'm a lousy father.

EMILY (o.s.)
I didn't say that.

DEL (o.s.)
Forgive me. The counselor
said it. You listened.

63 Sean rises to see what's going on. He peers through the shutters on the kitchen-door, SEES his parents arguing in the living room. Candle-flame flickers across their faces.

EMILY
Why don't you be there next
time.

DEL
Sure, hey, I'll quit my job. We
can spend more time together
mortgaging the house, waiting in
bread lines...
(he trails off)

63-A Sean closes the shutters, depressed... Then he notices the family phone-message board, where he SEES:

FOR: Sean
CALLER: Mr. Alucard (school) ?
MESSAGE: Interested in Van Halen diary. Possible \$\$\$

(CONTINUED)

63-A CONTINUED:

Sean looks at the message curiously. He returns to the table, absently takes a pencil and paper, begins scribbling...

EMILY (o.s.)
You don't even care. You're thinking about your job, aren't you? I can see it in your eyes --

DEL (o.s.)
Oh, well, I'm glad you can see it in my eyes, for a minute I thought I had you fooled --

EMILY (o.s.)
Please don't...

Sean continues scribbling, trying to ignore his parents, absently putting the letters ALUCARD in reverse order:
D R ...

DEL (o.s.)
--No, really, come look in my eyes, I'll think about stuff and you can tell me when I'm thinking correctly. Well, I had a lousy night, all right?

EMILY (o.s.)
Please...

...A C...

DEL (o.s.)
Do you care? Some guy steals a priceless Egyptian mummy -- ? Well, that happens every day, skip that -- and I get a call, some guy's shouting he's a werewolf! Huh? You like that? So they blow him away, and next thing the body's gone and an ambulance driver is found torn to shreds. Nice night, huh? Not as important as your marriage counselor, maybe --

...U L A. D-R-A-C-U-L-A... Holy shit. Sean stares at the word he's written, then up, hearing his father's words, hearing his parents' marriage crumble...

EMILY (o.s.)
I -- really don't care to listen anymore.

(CONTINUED)

63-A CONTINUED:

But as horrible as that is... there are things more horrible.

DEL (o.s.)

Fine. I knew that. Saw it in
your eyes... Tell you what, next
time we argue let's get some dark
glasses, what do you say?

Because Del Crenshaw is a cop; he's been trained not to
believe in monsters -- but Sean, he's ten, and right
about now, his eyes are as wide as saucers... A CRACK
of THUNDER!

64

thru

66 OMIT

67 INT. EUGENE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Everything silent, serene, as our pal EUGENE (in adorable
P.J.s) tries to sleep, but lest we forget, he has
recently seen the bone-chilling GROUNDHOG DAY, PART 12,
so sleep? Forget about it.

Presently, from across the room, we become aware of
SOUNDS: Shuffle. Shuffle... THUMP. Eugene's eyes pop
wide open.

68 INT. A BEDROOM DOOR

as Eugene's tiny hand reaches into frame and knocks. The
door OPENS... and there's Eugene's recently-asleep Dad. I
think we can safely say he's not pleased.

EUGENE

There's a monster in my closet.

69 INT. HALLWAY - EUGENE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

EUGENE, DAD, and PETE THE DOG trudge down the hallway.
Dad is annoyed, the others terrified beyond words.

EUGENE'S DAD

I told the boy not to read the
damn monster books. Didn't I
tell you? Like to throw them
books out, that's what I'd like
to do...

(CONTINUED)

70 He opens the door to Eugene's room. Flicks on the light. Silent. Empty. No monsters here.

EUGENE'S DAD

Damn, son, look at all those
monsters.

(speaks to air)

Hey, you, get off the bed!

(beat)

You see any monsters?

Eugene points at the closet.

EUGENE'S DAD

The closet, huh?

(sighs)

Fine, we'll take a look in
the closet, we'll do that.

He crosses to the closet door. Eugene squeezes his eyes shut. Pete the Dog boogies, leaves the room entirely. Dad, of course, is merely annoyed.

EUGENE'S DAD

Come on, monsters.

He flings open the door, and there's the MUMMY, and Jesus, he's the scariest thing we could ever possibly imagine finding in a closet, except, see -- Eugene's Dad ISN'T EVEN LOOKING. He's busy talking to Eugene, who ALSO isn't looking, his eyes shut tight.

EUGENE'S DAD

Oooo. Look at that big, scary
monster.

And meanwhile the Mummy's dried-up lips curl over skeleton teeth in a horrifying LEER -- and Eugene's Dad slams the door in his 2000 year-old face.

EUGENE'S DAD

You're NOT sleeping with your mother and me, and this keeps up you're not gonna SEE those monster books, understand?

He exits, followed by Eugene. Pete the Dog cowers in the hallway. Eugene starts to follow his Dad... but he can't resist: he HAS to take one last look, and so, fearfully, he turns --

And sees an ancient gauze bandage trail out the window. Eugene's eyes are bigger than his entire head.

71 EXT. EUGENE'S HOUSE - ON A TRASH CAN

And in go the monster books. SLAM!

71-A BACK INSIDE - CLOSE ON EUGENE

His eyes squeezed shut. WE HEAR soft TAPPING sounds from offscreen... THE WINDOW.

Obviously, the last thing in the history of earth Eugene wants to do is look. So naturally, slowly, with terrified apprehension, he OPENS HIS EYES... and SEES:

AT THE WINDOW - SEAN

gesturing wildly. Then PATRICK pops into view! Then FAT KID!

71-B INT. MONSTER CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

The words "MONSTER SQUAD" are written on a blackboard. WE PULL OUT to reveal the entire Monster Club ASSEMBLED, lit by a single overhead bulb. Rudy swigs a beer, smokes a cigarette.

RUDY

Okay, we're all here, what's the deal?

FAT KID

Yeah, what's Monster Squad, anyway?

SEAN

It's us.

(beat)

WE're the Monster Squad.

PATRICK

Since when?

SEAN

Since now.

FAT KID

What's a squad?

(CONTINUED)

71-B CONTINUED:

PATRICK
It's like Miami Vice, I
think.

Sean takes a deep breath.

SEAN
Look. I think there's
monsters, you guys...
Like real ones.

EUGENE
(pathetically)
Mummy came in my house.

This is universally ignored.

SEAN
Tonight I heard my Dad
talking and there was a
guy at the police station
who said he was a werewolf
and they shot him.

PATRICK
Whoa...

SEAN
The body disappeared from
the ambulance... and the
ambulance guy was dead.

FAT KID
So he got shot and a
werewolf took his body?

SEAN
No, peenhead, he WAS a were-
wolf! Maybe.

PATRICK
But if they shot him...

SEAN
It must have been regular
bullets. Not silver ones.

RUDY
Does that mean I'm in the
club, or what?

(CONTINUED)

71-B CONTINUED:

SEAN
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you're
in...
(beat)
Look, Guys. Dracula might
be here, too...

EUGENE
(pathetically)
Mummy came in my house.

Pause.

PATRICK
EEeeeew! Man! Fat Kid
farted!

FAT KID
Did not, it was Pete!

Rudy is extremely amused by every aspect of this
meeting.

SEAN
(exploding)
Goddammit, SHUT UP!!

Everything stops. They all look at him.

(CONTINUED)

71-B CONTINUED:

SEAN

Didn't you guys hear what I said?
The guys were dead! Get a clue,
don't you understand? Something's
out there, and it's killing people,
and if it's monsters...nobody but
us is gonna do anything about it!

Pause. Everyone averts their eyes.

PATRICK

(clears his
throat)

So... What do we do?

Sean holds up Van Helsing's crumbling diary.

SEAN

I think this book is important.
My mom says they found it in
some old house on Shadowbrook
Road, but I don't know what it
says. It's all in German.

PATRICK

My big sister takes German in
high school.

FAT KID

Your sister doesn't speak
German. All she does is hang
around and let guys touch her
hogans.

RUDY

(lighting a
cigarette)

Your sister doesn't live next
door, does she?

PATRICK

(absently)

Yeah, so...?

SEAN

Oh, I almost forgot. There
might be a mummy.

EUGENE

(pathetically)

Mummy came in my house.

(CONTINUED)

71-B CONTINUED:

The others all stare at him.

SEAN

So what do you say?
(sticks his
hand out
in front
of him)

Are we Monster Squad, or
what...?

71-C CLOSE ON SEAN'S HAND

as PATRICK puts his hand on top, followed by FAT KID'S, RUDY'S, and EUGENE'S. After a beat, PETE THE DOG'S PAW JOINS them.

RUDY

How does that dog GET up here,
anyway?...

72 EXT. SCARY MANSION - EDGE OF THE SWAMP - DEAD OF NIGHT

A house on the edge of reality: it was once a Southern Colonial, but, now it's a big, rotting hulk...windows like gaping eyes...no coincidence that it reminds us of CASTLE DRACULA....

SWAMP INSECTS BUZZ. Leaves blow and scatter. A sign swings loudly: 666 SHADBROOK ROAD.

73 INT. HALLWAY (SCARY HOUSE) - NIGHT

COUNT DRACULA glides down a creepy hallway, carrying a lantern. The light flickers on his evel features.

At the end of the corridor is a mannequin wearing a Confederate Civil War uniform, and wielding a rifle with bayonet. Dracula PUSHES the rifle barrel UPWARD, and --

THE WALL PROMPTLY OPENS -- A secret panel. He enters.

74. INT. DUNGEON STAIRWELL

Under the house. A subterranean stone stairwell. Dust. Cobwebs. Rats. Glowing lantern light creates dancing shadows against the rock walls...as Dracula descends the stairs....

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

He appears at the bottom, moves to a small, dark stone cell.

DRACULA

Old friend. I hope you like
your new home....

In the shadows of the cell sits THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER,
chained to a wall...rocking back and forth...looking lost
and pitiful.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Home....

DRACULA

I must sleep soon, so I listen
carefully. Van Helsing's diary
is missing.

(beat)

I wish you to retrieve it for
me. Do you understand?

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Yes, Master....

DRACULA

Children possess it. I want you to
find them, and take the diary. If
they do not co-operate...you will
kill them. Do you understand?

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Yes, Master....

DISSOLVE:

75
and
76 OMIT

77 EXT. SCARY GERMAN GUY'S HOUSE - DAY

Sean, Patrick and Fat Kid do not look thrilled to be here.

FAT KID
Gentlemen. I'd just like to say
three words, okay? Scary.
German. Guy.

Sean holds up the diary.

SEAN
Yeah, well, who ELSE are we
gonna get to translate this
thing? Now come on! Some-
body go up there and knock.

PATRICK
YOU knock; you're our leader.

A MAILMAN walks past and they make an elaborate show of doing other things: reading, looking at watches, whistling. It looks like a circus act. The mailman stares and shakes his head.

SEAN
Look. My dad's a cop, right?
Even if the guy's a total
froot loop, what's he gonna
do?

FAT KID
Sean. Firstly, he's scary, okay?
And B -- he's German. Maybe he
doesn't even know English.

PATRICK
Okay, so what's German for,
"Please don't murder us?"

A voice directly behind them says:

SCARY GERMAN GUY
Bitte, morden sie uns nicht.

They spin around, staring up in horror -- at SCARY GERMAN GUY himself, holding a bag of groceries, and smiling with crooked yellow TEETH.

78 EXT. CRENSHAW BACK YARD - DAY

PHOEBE sits on the grass in the shade of the tree house. She plucks a daisy, and tosses it into the creek.

PHOEBE
Target: fifty degrees, Mr. Scrap.

Mr. Scrap looks on, as Phoebe grabs a handful of pebbles and starts chucking them at the floor, trying to sink it.

As the daisy floats downstream, Phoebe picks up Mr. Scrap and adjusts him like it's a military inspection.

PHOEBE
Excellent mission, Mr. Scrap.

Then... a SHADOW falls over Phoebe and Mr. Scrap. Giant, Mud-caked boots. Rectangular. Phoebe turns to SEE --

THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

towering over her.

Admit it. When you were a kid, you had this nightmare.

79 INT. SCARY GERMAN GUY'S HOUSE - DAY

A cozy, carpeted affair. Not creepy or scary in any way.

Much to the relief of Sean Patrick, and Fat Kid, who sit side-by-side on a couch, and not only do they NOT look scared, but they're actually SMILING. Before them are pie, Cokes, napkins, and, of course:

SCARY GERMAN GUY, who isn't threatening in the least. He is bent over the crumbling Van Helsing diary, squints through bifocals.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
"The amulet itself is fairly small,
and carved with intricate symbols..."

He holds up the book to reveal a crude ink sketch of the AMULET we saw at the beginning of the movie.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
Rather an odd-looking thing, don't you think?

FAT KID nods and downs the last of his cherry pie.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

SCARY GERMAN GUY

More pie?

Fat Kid obviously wants more, but his friends are looking at him. He shakes his head.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Well, I can't finish mine. Perhaps you could help me?

Fat Kid grins, takes the pie. He nudges Patrick beside him:

FAT KID

(sotto)

Scary German Guy's bitchin'.

While Sean questions Scary German Guy, Patrick admires a model airplane mounted on the table beside him.

SEAN

Sir, I don't quite understand the part about equil -- equilibrium?

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Well, according to this rather curious book you've brought me, the forces of good and evil -- that's a B-17, in case you're wondering --

(Patrick smiles)

-- Good and evil are in constant... flux. Back and forth. Only once, every hundred years are the forces balanced.

SEAN

So what about the amulet?

SCARY GERMAN GUY

The amulet, as nearly as I can translate, is concentrated...good. It is a talisman which wards off evil, and is -- how do you say -- indestructible?

FAT KID

That means it can't be destroyed.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

(smiles)

Or in any case, NORMALLY destroyed. However -- and this part is underlined -- "Once, every hundred years,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

SCARY GERMAN GUY (CONT'D)
 at the stroke of midnight, the
 amulet becomes vulnerable. In
 THAT moment... it can be shattered..."

Silence. The boys are on pins and needles.

SEAN
 And? If it is?

SCARY GERMAN GUY
 Then the balance between good and
 evil will shift... and EVIL will
 rule...

The Squad exchange "Holy Shit" glances.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
 There is a German expression for
 such a cataclysm. Gotterdamarung.

FAT KID
 If I said that, my Mom would wash
 my mouth out with soap.

PATRICK
 (to Sean)
 What's this got to do with werewolves?

SEAN
 (ignoring
 him)
 Sir if... if something evil, like...
 well, like monsters, could get ahold
 of the amulet, and destroy it, then...
 then they could rule the world, right?

Scary German Guy looks at him with confusion. Or is it concern?

FAT KID
 Sounds like a knock-knock joke.

Everyone looks at Fat Kid.

FAT KID
 You know, like: knock-knock. Who's
 there? Gotterdamurung. Gotterdamurung
 who?

Everyone CONTINUES to look at him, awaiting the answer.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

FAT KID
(clears his
throat)

Then there'd be... some... play
on words, or something...

Scary German Guy saves the day by chiming in with:

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Uh, the book continues. Our friend
Mr. Van Helsing claims there IS a
way to stop the forces of darkness.

SEAN

How?!

SCARY GERMAN GUY

If one could gain possession of the
amulet BEFORE the forces of darkness
...then every hundred years, at mid-
night, there is another option...

(squinting
at book)

...A ceremony, which, when followed
to the letter... will open a hole
into limbo itself, where dwell the
damned. A vortex, which like a great
whirlpool... can swallow the forces
of evil... forever...

PAUSE. A moment of humility.

SEAN

Does it, um, describe the procedure
at all?

SCARY GERMAN GUY

In detail. This is the last entry.
On this date, he was to battle those
forces himself.

He frowns with interest, points to the top of the page.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

...Interesting. It is TOMORROW'S
date. A hundred years ago...

Sean GRABS the diary. Looks at the data-entry himself.

SEAN

A hundred years ago... TOMORROW
night...

The Monster Squad look at each other.

80 EXT. SCARY GERMAN GUY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The boys come out. Scary German Guy stands in the open doorway.

THE SQUAD
God, thanks. Thanks a lot. Etc.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
I expect you boys thought I was
some kind of monster myself,
hmmmm? A vampire, perhaps?

The boys look at each other, guiltily.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
(grinning)
It's quite all right, but I'm
NOT, you know. If I were a vam-
pire --
(points to
a mirror
mounted on
the door)
-- then I wouldn't have a re-
flection, now would I?

FAT KID
Man, you sure know a lot about
monsters.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
(a beat)
Now you mention it, I suppose I
do...

80-A CLOSE ANGLE - SCARY GERMAN GUY'S HAND

As he closes the door, WE SEE a faint blue NUMBER tattooed
into the skin of his wrist...

81 OMIT

82 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAY

Sean, Patrick and Fat Kid walk along the railroad tracks.
Fat Kid has found a big ol' walking stick.

PATRICK
Tomorrow night?! Gimme a major
break -- what do we have to do
again? Blow a hole in Dumbo?

SEAN
Limbo, stupid.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Well, how do we know the amulet's here, anyway?

SEAN

Because, dweeb, Dracula's obviously here looking for it, and if WE don't find it before him, we're beast-bait.

PATRICK

(pause)

Okay, so say we get the amulet. Then what? Wait 'til midnight, and --

SEAN

We get -- a virgin.

PATRICK

A virgin. Right. Okay. Then what?

SEAN

Then -- the virgin takes the amulet, reads the ancient spell or whatever, and BAM! We blow a hold in limbo.

PATRICK

(shrugs)

No biggie.

SEAN

Cinch.

FAT KID

Piece of cake.

They nod confidently, walks on.

SEAN

'Course, you KNOW what a virgin is.

Pause. Nobody meets anyone else's gaze.

PATRICK

Huh? Yeah, I know. Of course. Don't you?

SEAN

Of course I know. YOU know, don't you, Fat Kid?

FAT KID

Me? Sure, I know. Who doesn't?

Pause. Still, no eyes meet. They stop. Look at each other.

83 EXT. 50'S BURGER DRIVE-IN - DAY

The guys approach RUDY, who is munching a burger, swigging a container of milk. They sit across from him, determined.

SEAN
Rudy? Question.

RUDY
Shoot.

(he takes
a swig of
milk --)

SEAN
What's a virgin?

-- and proceeds to do one of the most hilarious spit-takes in the history of motion pictures. Milk sprays out his nose.

84 EXT. CRENSHAW BACK YARD - DAY

The gang crosses to the clubhouse, as PHOEBE comes running up and grabs Sean's arm, gibbering like a pig-tailed lunatic:

PHOEBE
Sean. Hurry. Omigod. Gotta
see. Come on.

SEAN
(distracted)
Phoebe, you're being a spaz --
okay -- Rudy, we're gonna need
silver bullets ---

PHOEBE
Sean, puleeezze. Come on. LOOK.

Sean puts a hand over her mouth. She makes grunting noises.

SEAN
Phoebe, handle life, okay?...
Fat Kid, get a map and find
Shadowbrook Road. If the
diary was there, maybe the
amulet is too.

Phoebe bites his hand.

SEAN
Ow!! You BRAT -- ! I'm telling
Mom ---

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

PHOEBE
Would you look??

Everyone looks ---

As the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER steps out from behind the tree. For a moment, time seems to stand still.

Okay. Here's the effect we're going for: the kids do not RUN away. We do not SEE them move. Rather, they simply APPEAR on the other side of the lawn. As far away as possible and still have the same zip code.

PHOEBE takes the monster by one huge, crudely attached hand.

PHOEBE
It's okay, you guys, he's friends
with us!

The kids, all huddled in their hiding places, shake their heads. They won't budge. Would you?

PHOEBE
Come on, don't be chicken!

A pause... then...SEAN detaches from the group.

RUDY
Whoa. Go for it.

PATRICK
Sean, are you CRAZY?? That's a
walking dead guy!

FAT KID
Sean, please don't die!

Sean continues across the grass...as PHOEBE leads the monster slowly toward him... The others cower in AWE, watching...

And there, in his own back yard, on a magical spring twilight...Sean Crenshaw comes face to face with a monster...a real one. He reaches out his hand. The Monster does likewise.

And their hands MEET. Sean just STARES into the monster's eyes.

SEAN
Are you... are you dead...?

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

...DEAD...

And suddenly, Sean gasps, because, see, the monster is squeezing much too hard, he's going to CRUSH Sean's hand, so Sean, not yet panicking, says --

SEAN

Too hard!

And guess what. The monster lets go. Just like that. On his face is a look of indescribable SORROW. Sean turns to Phoebe.

SEAN

Does Mom know about him?

PHOEBE

Uh-uh. Just us.

She grins. Sean grins. Then WHOOPS WITH JOY --

SEAN

GET OVER HERE, YOU GUYS!

Claps the monster on the back. The monster grins and claps Sean on the back...which knocks him flying out of frame.

PHOEBE

NOW can I be in the monster club?

85

and

86 OMIT

87 INT. MONSTER CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Everyone is here, including the monster himself. The kids are gathered around, staring. Sean runs a hand through his hair.

SEAN

I don't believe this... Frankenstein's monster is in our clubhouse!

PATRICK

(nervous)

Let's ask him to leave, okay?

SEAN

You aren't still scared, are you?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

The monster plays with Mr. Scrap, oblivious. He looks up, bobbing his head and grinning like an idiot. Goes back to playing.

FAT KID

He is a little bit gross, Sean.

Frankenstein SPEAKS then. His voice is hesitant and awful-sounding, but once he gets started he's like one of those parrots that won't shut up.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Mister... Scrap...

PHOEBE

(beaming)

I taught him to talk.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

BOGUS... GIMMEE A BREAK...

SEAN

Terrific.

PATRICK

Huddle.

The kids gather and converse in hushed tones. In the b.g., the monster marches Mr. Scrap across the floor. We're not exactly sure where the fun is in this, but he seems happy and he's not breaking anything.

PATRICK

Sean, we gotta tell somebody. Your Dad's a cop, maybe --

SEAN

No way. No grownups. They'll kill him or lock him up or...dissect him or something. He's not hurting anyone.

Rudy grins and holds up a box.

RUDY

Dudes! Check it out.

What it is, it's the COLLEGEVILLE HALLOWEEN COSTUME: cheap plastic mask, flimsy costume clothing. The only people frightened by this costume are the marketing people, trying to foist it past the Better Business Bureau. NEVERTHELESS --

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

As Rudy shows the Frankenstein mask to the monster... even though it's just cheap plastic --

The monster RECOILS IN FEAR...cowers, clutching Mr. Scrap, as a tear slides down his cheek -- and he utters a single word which speaks volumes:

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
...scary...

The kids look at each other.

88 INT. A GIRL'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Remember the girl we saw earlier? The teen angel coming out of the swimming pool? You don't? Well, trust me, she's gorgeous.

Pink robe. Soft slippers. As we watch...she stands, pinning back her hair, crosses to the open window and SHUTS IT:

89 EXT. PATRICK'S BACK YARD - AFTERNOON

As the window shuts, WE REVEAL: the monster clubbers, crouched, hidden in the bushes. The Frankenstein monster is with them.

SEAN
This is a bad idea.

PATRICK
Rudy, she's my sister...

RUDY
She's also a major babe, so lighten up.
(to FAT KID)
You got the camera?

SEAN
Rudy. Listen to me. I'm gonna say this once.

(everyone
stops,
listens)

Tomorrow at midnight, evil may rule the world.

RUDY
That's it? That's what you had to say?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED

SEAN

Yeah.

RUDY

Fine. We'll save the world later.

(beat)

Trust me. I'm in Junior High.

90 ANOTHER ANGLE

Six figures detach themselves from the bushes...the kids and the monster creeping across the backyard... carefully skirting the edge of the swimming pool...

Except, truth be known, the monster simply isn't that swift. He plunges out of sight -- a loud SPLASH, followed by thrashing sounds and cries of:

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

BOGUS, BOGUS.

91 BACK IN THE BUSHES - MOMENTS LATER

The kids are gathered around the monster with disgusted looks on their faces. He is DRENCHED to the bone. Sits like a kicked puppy.

RUDY

(annoyed)

Okay, we're gonna try it again,
and this time we do it right.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Bogus...

RUDY

Shut up, Frank.

92 EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The kids crouch beneath a lighted window; about six feet off the ground, a bathroom window... Frankenstein Monster stands against the wall, as the kids whisper.

PATRICK

She'll be out any minute now.

RUDY

Good. Okay. So Frank stands here at the window. She gets out of the shower, sees him, has a cow. She runs --
(he points)
-- into the hall, passing window B...

FAT KID

And I take her picture.

SEAN

This is a bad idea.

PATRICK

Sshhh! Water stopped.

RUDY

This is it.

FAT KID

Oh boy!...

And suddenly, from offscreen, comes a VOICE:

VOICE (o.s.)

Patrick...?

PATRICK

Cheese it! My Dad!

RUDY

Move.

He grabs the monster's arm, starts to run, comes to the end of Frank's arm, and have you ever tried pulling a telephone pole out of the sidewalk? The monster won't budge.

VOICE (o.s.)

Hello...?

Rudy takes a running start, tries again, and practically flies in the air at the end of Frank's arm, and meanwhile --

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

The monster stares through the window at Patrick's naked sister... His face twists into a lecherous GRIN, as...

The combined might of five kids drags him away from the window, kicking... As an afterthought, a desperate FAT KID leaps into the air holding the camera over his head... snaps the FLASH at window level. Runs away.

93 EXT. ROAD - TWILIGHT

The Monster Squad and the Monster head off, silhouetted against the setting sun... Six friends, and one of them is REALLY tall.

PATRICK

I got it. Here's how we stop
Wolfman: have Frankenstein
fight him!

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
GIMMEE A BREAK...

DISSOLVE:

94 EXT. SCARY HOUSE - DUSK

The house on Shadowbrook Road broods beneath a full moon, which defies the lunar calendar specifically so it can be full throughout our movie. Thanks, moon.

95 INT. HALLWAY - THE HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA GLIDING down the corridor. WE BOOM DOWN -- THROUGH the floorboards, where rats skitter and squeak, DOWN THROUGH STONE, EMERGING --

95-A INT. CREEPY DUNGEON CORRIDOR

Shadows dance and flicker, as DRACULA prowls along the eerie stone corridor, a bobbing lantern in one hand, a steel SLEDGEHAMMER in the other...

The WOLFMAN creeps at his side, watching, while Dracula TAPS the walls with the hammer... probing... looking for something...

DRACULA

The amulet is here. I feel it.

(CONTINUED)

95-A CONTINUED:

Tap tap tap.

DRACULA

Where, Van Helsing? Where
have you hidden it...?

Tap tap tap. Pause. Dracula notices something in
the corner of the dungeon. Moves the lantern to SEE:

A SATCHEL lies on the ground, loaded with STICKS OF
DYNAMITE... A skeleton-hand grips the satchel.
Dracula holds the lantern up REVEALING:

The SKELETON of a long dead explorer. Its other hand
is outstretched, pointing at the wall behind Dracula.
The vampire turns. Taps the wall.

A different sound. More hollow. Tap tap tap.
Dracula smiles, hands the lantern to Wolfman, steps
back, grips the sledge --

And proceeds to HAMMER the shit out of the stone wall.
CRACK--! Stone flies -- CRACK--! Erupting in bursts
-- CRACK--! As he SMASHES the sledge into solid rock,
FRENZIED, possessed, the CUTS quicker and quicker,
Crack-SLAM--! Crack-SLAM--! UNTIL --

A BLINDING LIGHT BLASTS OUT of a tiny hole in the wall.
All that pounding, by an inhuman monster with the
strength of ten, and THIS is all the headway he could
make... But it's enough.

Enough for him to put his eye up to, and LOOK IN...

95-B INT. SECRET VAULT - START ON DRACULA'S EYE

looking in, an unearthly GLOW illuminating the stone
wall... then PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

CRUCIFIXES, a sea of them, plastered over every inch of
wallspace... and GARLIC, too, clove after rotting clove,
enough to feed a small and not very discriminating
nation...

An then of course, there is the MAIN ATTRACTION, because,
boys and girls, the count has struck pay-dirt. Because,
you guessed it...

100 years later, thousands of miles farther away... but
every bit as powerful -- the AMULET dances with magical
SPARKS of color...

95-C BACK OUTSIDE THE VAULT - DRACULA

as he smiles, looks at the Wolfman. Takes a step back. Grips the steel SLEDGE. Pause. And then -- just as he is about to SWING for all he's worth -- he cocks his head, looks eastward, and --

95-D EXT. BAYOU - DAWN

Over the swamps, a deep purple sky beckons the rising sun.

95-E BACK TO DRACULA

Sudden sweat.

DRACULA

Damn!

But triumph returns to his expression, as he drops the sledge, and touches the stone wall...

DRACULA

Tomorrow night... Our reunion
must wait until then, my prize...

Wolfman looks on, uncomprehendingly.

DRACULA

Soon, Van Helsing... Soon, the
creatures of the night shall
rule the world...

(pause)

And there's NO ONE TO STOP US...

And from nowhere, a fiendish LAUGH; a laugh so evil, so
demonic, it gives you chills, and as his eyes GLOW RED
HOT --

THE TOP 40 HIT "MONSTER SQUAD THEME" KICKS IN, and we
begin the following MUSICAL MONTAGE:

96 INT. SEAN'S ROOM

A MORNING ALARM CLOCK RINGS and SEAN CRENSHAW sits bolt
upright in bed.

97 thru 99 AS (97) FAT KID, (98) PATRICK, (99) RUDY come BURSTING
out of their houses, on the move, and

100 EXT. INTERSECTION

Four speeding BICYCLES come hurtling toward the camera:
SEAN; PATRICK; FAT KID; RUDY.

101 INT. TREEHOUSE

PHOEBE and the monster. Phoebe hangs seashell EARRINGS on his ears. Frank makes A HORRIFIED face, while Phoebe giggles and kicks.

102 INT. CLASSROOM

The three elementary schoolers fidget, watching the clock, while Meow Mix drones on, and on... and on...

103 INT. JUNIOR HIGH SHOP

Rudy works on a lathe, carving lengths of wood into razor-keen STAKES. The SHOP TEACHER grins at him, nods like a buffoon.

104 INT. CRENSHAW KITCHEN

EMILY CRENSHAW slides open a drawer, only to discover that her silverware is strangely missing --

105 INT. SHOP

-- as RUDY looks both ways, whistles, drops Emily's entire collection into the SMELTER. The SHOP TEACHER grins at him, nods like a buffoon.

106 OMIT

107 INT. EUGENE'S ROOM

EUGENE is seated at a tiny desk in his bedroom. He's got a pencil and paper, writing a LETTER... hilarious, five year-old scrawl:

DEAR ARMY GUYS:
COME QUIK THERE ARE MONSTERS

108 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

The three Squadsters are in the lead as the doors BURST OPEN and kids come swarming out.

109 EXT. JUNIOR HIGH FIELD

Junior high kids in hilarious gym shorts practice archery, managing to pierce every available target except the painted one, as -- RUDY strolls by, casually swipes a bow and arrows.

110 INT. EUGENE'S ROOM

Eugene's letter is taking on epic proportions. In addition to the text, he's done CRAYON SKETCHES of the monsters. (Next to Frankenstein's head is the word 'NICE'). Eugene's tongue peeks through his teeth as he colors.

111 EXT. ANOTHER STREET

RUDY hands a box to SEAN, carefully shielding it from any bystanders. Real cloak-and-dagger spy-stuff.

112 INT. PATRICK'S ROOM

Patrick at his Apple Macintosh (TM) computer, creating a "MacArt" BUSINESS CARD design, and --

113 INT. MALL PRINT SHOP

He pulls a sheet from a Xerox machine, holds it up for a closer look: T H E M O N S T E R S Q U A D. Now it's official.

114 INT. GARAGE

RUDY slings the bow and arrows across his shoulder... grabs the vicious wood-stakes... lights a cigarette. Move over, Stallone.

115 EXT. CITY STREET

EUGENE stuffs his completed letter -- addressed: UNITED STATES ARMY - HURRY! -- into the corner mailbox.

116 OMIT

117 INT. CRENSHAW BEDROOM

SEAN enters his father's bedroom, crosses to the gunbelt which hangs from the bedpost. He removes the gun from its holster, empties the bullets onto the bed.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

Takes the BOX which Rudy gave him earlier -- and with a pair of pliers, pulls the shells loose, inserts them into freshly forged silver bullet-casings.

On his face, a look of grim determination. He reloads the new silver bullets... silently replaces the gun in its holster.

117-A INT. CLUBHOUSE

Squad assembled. SEAN runs his finger along a map, pauses next to SHADOWBROOK ROAD. Patrick, Rudy and Fat Kid LOOK ON.

PHOEBE and EUGENE watch, delighted, as Frankenstein's monster (wearing Rudy's Ray-bans) feeds Pete the Dog. The expression on their faces is RADIANT, as our MONTAGE ENDS...

118 EXT. SCARY HOUSE - DUSK

The sun is a ghost in the west... the house sits silent at the edge of the rotting wilderness.

119 INT. PARLOR - SCARY HOUSE - NIGHT

THE DESPERATE MAN (a.k.a. Wolfman) sits heavily sedated in a broken armchair. Glassy-eyed. Expressionless. And no wonder; an open bottle of DEMEROL sits on the table beside him.

DRACULA

(entering)

I do regret the dosage, my friend. Most lethal by human standards, but... human standards don't apply... Do they?

He moves to the window, opens the curtains.

DRACULA

Frankenstein's creation has failed me... But soon, the moon will be full, my friend... and tonight is too important for our plans to be jeopardized...

He returns to desperate man's chair.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

DRACULA

I require sustenance... I trust
you stocked the pantry as I
requested...?

(the desperate
man nods)

Good.

He SHOVES the chair forward -- with desperate man IN
IT -- so it is facing the open window.

DRACULA

Then I'll go have a bite, while...
you change into something more
comfortable...

He exits, closing the parlor doors. We HEAR them LOCK...
then the sound of receding footsteps. A pause, then...

The desperate man sits bolt upright in his chair. Alert.
Sweating. He SPITS OUT three tiny capsules, enough
Demerol to stop an elephant, except, see, he didn't
swallow them.

119-A INT. HALLWAY (SCARY HOUSE) - NIGHT

Dracula moves to a pantry door... OPENS IT, AND --

119-B IN THE PANTRY

are several YOUNG GIRLS huddled together, STARING with
huge eyes. Pasty-white faces. Lips blue with terror...
unable to utter a single sound. One is reminded of
Nazi war camp footage.

120 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Del Crenshaw looks like shit. He is smoking and talking
on the phone. Behind him a TRANSVESTITE lounges in the
holding tank.

DEL

-- no, honey, I'm NOT being
condescending, you'll know when
I'm being condescending, like
NOW, for instance...

SAPIR passes the desk, dumps a report on it.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

DEL
What the hell's this? Honey...?
Hello?

He hangs up. Curses.

SAPIR
Last night, near the ambulance
crash? Eyewitness report. Get
this... a long black hearse. No
plates. You wanna ask about the
hood ornament?

DEL
What about the hood ornament?

SAPIR
Thought you'd never ask.
(dramatic)
A silver... skull. I consider
this an exciting lead. I'm
excited. Are you excited?

DEL
Thrilled. Put out an A.P.B.

SAPIR
Already did. I'm a very good
policeman, you know.

DEL
And everyone who believes in
fairies clap their hands.

In the holding tank, the TRANSVESTITE grins, and THE
ENTIRE SQUADROOM bursts into applause, as -- Del's
phone RINGS again.

DEL
(scooping
it up)
Honey, I'm sorry, I --

PHONE VOICE
Crenshaw?!

DEL
Uh -- yeah, this is Crenshaw --

121 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

The DESPERATE MAN is huddled inside a telephone booth
next to a deserted highway. Out of breath, frantic,
because --

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

The FULL MOON is peeking through the clouds... and he's starting to turn into a werewolf.

+

DESPERATE MAN

You've got to help me, the others wouldn't listen!

122 Hair, beginning to grow --

DESPERATE MAN

Get all of your men... Send them to 666 Shadowbrook Road, it's an old mansion. He's found the amulet! There's no time!

Skin, stretching... hair, growing faster --

DEL

Who the hell is this?

DESPERATE MAN

I'm the one they shot last night! I'm a werewolf, but that's not important, PLEASE, just gather your men, and --

DEL

Have a nice night.

DESPERATE MAN

DON'T HANG UP!

Del sighs, disgusted, and does just that. But as he does -- he hears an animal CROAK on the other end:

DESPERATE MAN (o.s.)

He's gonna kill your SON -- !

Click. The connection is broken. But not before the words have registered, and a chill runs all the way up Del's spine...

123 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - SAME

The desperate man stumbles from the phone booth, SCREAMING, clutching his face. His shirt BURSTS OPEN, and his face completes its lycanthropic transformation, AND --

124 INT. THE CRENSHAW HOME - NIGHT

The moon filters through the open window. In the dark, EMILY CRENSHAW sits curled up in bed, looking at a television set... She looks incredibly forlorn.

TV NEWSCASTER

A school spokesman said the girls disappeared while on a wildlife field trip in the bayous...

We hear a distant wolf HOWL... Emily rises, shuts the window. A SHIVER runs through her. She returns to the bed... and, almost as an afterthought, takes the candle she gave Phoebe.

She lights it. Sets it gently beside her on the night-stand, curls up under the covers, and looks for all the world like a little lost girl afraid of the storm...

124-A INT. DUNGEON CELLAR - ON SKELETON EXPLORER

We PAN DOWN TO his satchel, full of dynamite. A white, ringed hand reaches into frame, TAKES A stick of dynamite.

It is, of course, DRACULA... He grins.

125 EXT. A ROAD - THE BOONIES - NIGHT

BUZZ of insects. Fireflies in the air. WE CRANE DOWN TO REVEAL: FAT KID on a bike, munching a slice of pizza; EUGENE riding on the handlebars. SEAN rides a second bike.

They stop, turn around, and SEE the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER lumbering along behind them, with PETE padding at his feet. Fat Kid gives Eugene a Twinkle. Sean speaks into a walkie-talkie:

SEAN

Come in, Patrick.

125-A INT. MONSTER CLUBHOUSE (INTERCUT)

PATRICK

I'm here. Where are you?

SEAN

Almost there. Everything set with you?

PATRICK

Know in a minute. How we doing, Rudy?

(CONTINUED)

125-A CONTINUED:

In the alcove, Rudy sits by the window next to Phoebe. He looks through his binoculars, gives Patrick a thumb's up.

126 POV - THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

Patrick's SISTER is in the driveway of her house, saying goodbye to a cheesy High School PREPPY in a white Trans Am. Backlit by moonlight, she is even more beautiful than the last time. Wait. Not possible. Call it a draw.

RUDY

127 What hogans. A cheesy High School guy does not deserve those hogans.

+

PATRICK

Rudy's in love.

127-A

SEAN

Good for Rudy. Okay, remember: Rendezvous at position A, 2200 hours.

PATRICK

Huh?

SEAN

Ten o'clock, dufus.

127-B Meanwhile, EUGENE has wandered away from the road, kneels by the swamp, eating his Twinkie. Pete paws at him to get some. Pete knocks it out of Eugene's hands... and it lands in the water.

EUGENE

Thanks, Pete.

He reaches for it...

AND THE CREATURE from the Black Lagoon RISES FROM THE WATER not two feet from his face. Pete does not run; he DISAPPEARS. You expect to see a cloud of dust in his shape left behind.

Eugene BOLTS UP. Backs away. The Creature submerges again.

(CONTINUED)

127-B CONTINUED:

PATRICK'S VOICE
(from the walkie-
talkie)

How do we know the amulet's
there?

SEAN

We don't, but it's all we've
got.

Eugene walks up from the swamp, arms dangling at his
sides. Pete cowers at Frankenstein's feet.

PATRICK

(pause, then)

Sean... maybe... maybe we
should call the cops...

SEAN

You think grown-ups would
believe this? Get real, dude.
It's us or nothing.

Eugene tugs on Sean's pants.

PATRICK

Yeah, yeah. Well... good luck,
butthead.

Eugene tugs on Sean's pants.

SEAN

I know you are, but what am I?
Over and out.

He lowers the walkie-talkie antennae. Eugene tugs on
Sean's pants.

SEAN

WHAT, EUGENE?!?!

EUGENE

(pitifully)

Creature stole my Twinkie.

Sean and Fat Kid roll their eyes. They saddle up. As
they ride off into the gloom, WE MOVE TO a sign: "SHADOW-
BROOK ROAD - 1/2 MILE"

128

&

129 OMIT

130 INT. THE CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

PATRICK'S SISTER sits awkwardly in a lawn chair, gazing with obvious distaste at the decor: too many monsters, and no balloon-o-grams or leg warmers.

PATRICK'S SISTER

(annoyed)

So...? What did you wanna
ask me?

PATRICK sits before her, as nervous as we've yet seen him. RUDY leans casually against the wall, drinking a beer...

PATRICK

(clears his
throat)

Ask. Yes. Well.

(coughs)

That chair comfortable?

PATRICK'S SISTER

You've got one minute.

(Rudy takes a
swig of beer)

I have to go home and take a
shower.

(--and does the
second most
hilarious spit-
take in motion
picture history)

PATRICK'S SISTER

WELL???

PATRICK

Um, what it is... I was just
wondering if... um... Rudy?

RUDY

Your show, ace.

PATRICK

Right.

(grins cheesily)

Well, sis, me and Rudy, we were
kinda, um, wondering... Are you...?

(coughs violently,
blurts)

AREYOUAVIRGIN?

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

PATRICK'S SISTER

What? Stop coughing.

PATRICK

We just wanted to know...
IFYOURAVIRGAN.

PATRICK'S SISTER

That's it. Goodbye.

RUDY

(clears his
throat)Look, um -- what your brother
is so delicately attempting to
inquire, and, allow me to add my
own personal curiosity... is,
the degree to which you may have,
or have not, at some point in
time...(beat)
...been dorked.

Patrick SLAPS his hand over his face.

131 EXT. CRENSHAW BACKYARD - NIGHT

PATRICK'S SISTER slings her purse over one shoulder
and storms across the yard. Patrick trails behind her,
desperate.

PATRICK'S SISTER

You guys are sick.

She runs smack into RUDY, who grins lecherously, a
cigarette in place.

PATRICK'S SISTER

Out of my way, douchebag.

Rudy doesn't miss a beat. He calmly holds up a snapshot.
Patrick's sister looks at the photo... and her face turns
twenty shades. She GRABS the picture and tears it to
shreds.

Rudy just grins, holds up an envelope.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

RUDY

The negative. Fotomat's got a two-for-one deal this week, and wouldn't you know it -- there's a spot on the bulletin board right between the prom committee notes and the football roster...

She swipes for the envelope, but Rudy holds it away.

Then the strangest thing happens. Not strange if you think about it, but strange to Rudy and Patrick. Patrick's sister turns away and starts to CRY. Through her tears:

PATRICK'S SISTER

That's really shitty...

RUDY

Whoa, hey, chill out.

PATRICK

We need your help! Okay? It's important! I woulda asked, but you'd say no --

PATRICK'S SISTER

How do YOU know?!!... What about the night I was babysitting and Mom and Dad said you couldn't stay up for Creature Features, but I let you, anyway?!

Pause. Patrick looks at the ground.

PATRICK'S SISTER

(through tears)

You took advantage of me... you didn't ask me to help... You didn't even TRY...

She walks away. Rudy and Patrick look at one another guiltily.

RUDY

Hey --

Patrick's sister turns around... Rudy takes out his cigarette lighter, holds up the envelope, and LIGHTS IT. He drops the burning negative to the ground.

LONG pause.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

PATRICK'S SISTER
I suppose you think NOW I'll
help you.

Rudy makes a face so endearingly helpless and sensitive,
even WE don't know if he's bullshitting.

132 EXT. SCARY HOUSE - NIGHT

The boys crouch in the bushes next to the Frankenstein
monster. Sean looks through a pair of binoculars, AT --

SEAN
Man...

The HOUSE. The ominous black Hearse is parked in front.
Aside from the BUZZ of mosquitoes, and the CALLS of
swamp birds, everything is very quiet. Not to mention
scary as hell.

FAT KID
Sean, um, about this Monster Squad
thing. Maybe we could, like, re-
think it, you know what I mean?...

SEAN
Fat Kid, you're being a wuss.
(lowers the
binocs, starts
to move in)
Now come on, time's running out.

FAT KID
Sean. Ho.
(points)
Scary House. Real Monsters. Us.
Ten Years Old. Remember?

SEAN
Midnight. End of world.
Remember?

The MONSTER abruptly cocks his head... as if scenting
something on the wind. He speaks:

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
Master is near...
(looks straight
at them)
Master wants you dead...

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

The boys didn't need to hear this. They exchange glances. Sean moves forward...

FAT KID

Couldn't we be, like, Math Squad, instead? You know, do math problems, stay HOME...

(he follows
unhappily)

Or NATURE Squad! We would look at rocks, collect birds... Not be dead. See, it's this whole death thing I'm not crazy about...

He passes a sign: "POSTED - STAY OUT - KEEP OUT". Next to the words is a small skull-and-crossbones...

133 EXT. SCARY HOUSE - NIGHT

The group gathers at the bottom of the steps.

SEAN

I'll go first.

FAT KID

I'm gonna pee.

SEAN

You go first.

134 INT. CREEPY DUNGEON

Enough dynamite to sink the Bismarck. WE MOVE ALONG a steel wire from the line of dynamite placed against the wall, TO...

DRACULA, who is hooking the line to an INDUSTRIAL DETONATOR...

135 INT. SCARY HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The huge front doors SLOWLY OPEN with an echo-y CREEAAKKK. Fat Kid slowly ENTERS, followed by Sean, who shines a flashlight in front of them. Eugene, Pete and Frankenstein take up the rear.

FAT KID

Welp, no amulet. Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

He turns to leave. Sean glares at him.

FAT KID

(pause)

The Brady Kids never did this
shit.

FRANKENSTEIN

BRADY KIDS... MARSHA...

Sean glares at him. All around them are the peeling, ornate trappings of the by-gone Ante Bellum era. They move forward.

SEAN

Look. We got two consolations. One: Frankenstein's Monster's on our side. Second, my Dad's a cop, and if anyone messes with us, he'll kick their ass.

Sean turns, SEES the Monster still standing in the doorway. He gestures and the Monster steps forward. The floorboards CREAK under his massive, heavy boots.

136 INT. DUNGEON CELLAR - ON DRACULA

as he HEARS the CREAK. He rises, tense, and we MOVE IN ON THE DETONATOR. The handle is loose. It slides... slowly... down...

Click.

KA-BOOM!!!

137 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - BACK UPSTAIRS

The doorframe COLLAPSES onto the Frankenstein monster as the EXPLOSION ROCKS THE HOUSE! The kids HIT THE DIRT. Sean looks up as the dust settles.

SEAN

FRANK!!

The kids DASH to the monster... who is BURIED under the debris.

Eugene grabs the huge hand, and pulls. Pete does the same with a piece of jacket in his teeth.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

FAT KID
(helplessly; "What
WAS that??")

Sean...?

SEAN
(looking around,
scared)

I don't know...

EUGENE
(still pulling)
Wake up, wake up...

Sean sadly SEES it is useless.

SEAN
Eugene --

EUGENE
He won't wake up.

FAT KID
(emotional)
What do we do, Sean? The
monster!

Sean rises angrily, equally emotional.

SEAN
Don't call him a monster!

Fat Kid looks to the floor. Eugene and Pete stop
pulling. They look at Sean with huge, sad eyes.

SEAN
Use your eyes, Fat Kid! Does he
look like we can help him?

FAT KID
But... what if he's dead...?

SEAN
Then he died to help US.
(a beat, taking
control)
Now I'm the head of this squad,
so listen up. He said Dracula
knows we're here, so let's just
find the amulet...
(beat)
...and get the hell out of here.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

Sean turns... and tentatively moves down the shadowy hallway. He looks back to the others, and --

That's when a HAND SHOOTS OUT of nowhere and CLAMPS over Sean's mouth. Eugene and Fat Kid SCREAM, as they SEE --

An elderly, BEARDED MAN in a cloak which totally surrounds his six-foot plus frame. He puts a finger to his lips.

STRANGER

Ssshh. It's all right. We're on the same side.

He releases Sean... who swallows hard.

SEAN

... Who are you?

STRANGER

My name is Van Helsing. Kenneth Van Helsing.

FAT KID

Van Helsing? Like the guy who fought Dracula?

STRANGER

Abraham, yes. He was my grandfather.

(gestures)

Come. There's not much time...

138 EXT. 50's BURGER DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

RUDY sits at his favorite table next to PATRICK'S SISTER, while Patrick himself paces back and forth with a walkie-talkie.

PATRICK

Come in, Sean... Sean, please respond, over.

He looks at Rudy, frightened. Rudy consults his watch.

RUDY

Ten o'clock. They're late.

PATRICK'S SISTER

(sarcastic)

Maybe the monsters got them.

Rudy gives her a Jackie Gleason look.

139 INT. PARLOR - SCARY HOUSE - NIGHT

The mysterious stranger lights a lantern, motions for the boys to follow him into the creepy PARLOR...

STRANGER

Go ahead, ask me questions.

SEAN

What happened to your grandfather?

STRANGER

No one knows. He disappeared in Europe a century ago. Now listen carefully: After World War I, his son, my father, came to America. He brought with him the diary and the amulet, hid them somewhere in this house. The amulet is somewhere in this house. The amulet is surrounded by crucifixes and garlic, to ward off vampires. Are you getting this?

SEAN

Yeah.

STRANGER

Now, years later, the Prince of Darkness has come to America. He's located the amulet, and plans to destroy it at midnight. I trust you know what happens then.

FAT KID

Yeah, evil rules the world, we heard that part.

STRANGER

(nods coldly)

Global Armageddon. The Time of the Beast. YOU MUST HELP ME GET THE AMULET OUT OF THAT CHAMBER. But first, I have to know -- are you alone? Have you told any grown-ups about this place?

FAT KID

Scary German Guy read the diary...

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

STRANGER

Fine, fine, but is anyone
coming to the house? Are you
children the only ones, or is
help coming?

SEAN

No help. Just us. And you.

STRANGER

(smiles)

Good.

SEAN

Wait a minute. What chamber?

All of a sudden he sounds SUSPICIOUS. Something's screwy
here. Across the room, FAT KID has discovered the remains
of a broken mirror over the mantle. He looks into it.

FAT KID

(voice trembling)

Sean...?

Sean LOOKS, and SEES that:

IN THE MIRROR is his reflection, and Fat Kid's, and of
course Eugene's, but not, repeat NOT, Van Helsing's --

All we see of Van Helsing is -- get this -- his face
floating in mid-air, and in case you haven't guessed --
he's not really Van Helsing, this guy. In fact, as the
kids turn, terrified --

--he peels gooey LATEX from his face... strips off a fake
BEARD you can tell by the fangs, ripe with saliva...

SEAN

Oh, Christ.

DRACULA

WRONG...

His hypnotic eyes glow red and lock onto Sean's.

FAT KID

Sean! Don't look at him!

Too late.

DRACULA

DO, Sean! DO look at me! Tell
me what you see...

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

SEAN
(fighting it)
Evil... I see evil...

DRACULA
You see a reflection... of
yourself...

Sean's eyes are wide and lifeless, trapped in the
vampire's spell.

FAT KID
(pointing)
Uh oh! Sun's coming up!

Dracula LOOKS.

FAT KID
You looked.

The trance broken, Sean RUNS -- and the other BOOGIE
RIGHT BEHIND HIM. Dracula watches them go, makes no
move to stop them. WE PUSH IN TO CLOSE-UP...

And we see a thousand years of death in the vampire's
eyes.

DRACULA
You have made the wrong
enemy, Sean Crenshaw... Now
neither of us will see the
sun rise.

140 INT. HALLWAY - SCARY HOUSE (STEADICAM)

THE KIDS go screaming out into the hallway at 100 miles
an hour, arms pumping furiously.

FAT KID
So he's not Van Helsing, right?

They ROUND a bend AND --

WOLFMAN JUMPS into view, blocking their way. They
promptly do a 180, and RUN THE OTHER DIRECTION.

Wolfman takes off in hot pursuit.

141 THE KIDS run down the hall, up some stairs, where PATRICK
does a quick "eeny-meeny-miny-moe" between three doors,
YANKS one open --

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

PATRICK
IN HERE -- !

And in they rush, SLAMMING THE DOOR behind them, just as Wolfman SWIPES AT IT, LEAVING CLAW MARKS DEEP IN THE WOOD.

142 INT. DEAD END ROOM

And we're calling it that because, guess what? There's NO WAY OUT. We hear Wolfman CLAWING and POUNDING from outside.

SEAN
Good one, Patrick! No doors,
no windows --PATRICK
Do something!SEAN
No convenient portals to other dimensions!

Pete BARKS his lungs out. Wolfman SHREDS the door in a frenzy. The sound is DEAFENING. Eugene is moderately upset.

PATRICK
Do something!!SEAN
Shut up, just shut up!FAT KID
Your dad's a cop, you get straight A's, THINK OF SOMETHING!!

The Wolfman IMPACTS THE DOOR again and again! Sean closes his eyes, presses his hands to his temples.

SEAN
Okay. Okay. Officer in danger, Section 22.4...

The door POPS A HINGE, leans dangerously inward...

FAT KID
Come on, COME ON...

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

And Sean looks up. Cold determination.

SEAN

Kick him in the nards.

FAT KID

What???

SEAN

When he comes through that door, we're gonna kick him in the nards AS HARD AS WE CAN.

FAT KID

Are you crazy?? He's a werewolf, he doesn't have nards!

SEAN

How do you know?! He never takes his pants off!!

FAT KID

We're gonna die, we're gonna die --

THE DOOR EXPLODES off its hinges, and in comes Wolfman, visibly upset, GROWLING, out for blood, and he raises his arms for the kill and Fat Kid is paralyzed, until Sean yells:

SEAN

DO IT.

And with that, Fat Kid hauls off -- And slams his foot into Wolfman's nards.

Picture this: You tie a rope around a dog's neck, and you tie the other end to a huge boulder. You push the boulder off a cliff. The rope snaps tight. You know the sound the dog makes?

Wolfman makes that very same sound. Then CRUMBLES.

FAT KID

Werewolf's got nards...

SEAN

GO!!

143 INT. HALLWAY (SCARY HOUSE)

The kids come skidding out into the hall, RUN LIKE THE WIND past the Civil war mannequin, toward a DOOR at the very end. An exit?

Sean GRABS the knob, WHIPS OPEN THE DOOR, AND --

Remember the lost girls in Dracula's pantry? Well, last time we saw them, he hadn't gotten to them yet... By now, he has.

Which means they're dead. Which, in vampire terms, means they REACH OUT AT US SCREAMING with ugly, horrible vampire faces, so the kids WHIRL and RUN BACK the way they came, ROUND A BEND, and the kids WHIRL and RUN BACK the way they came, ROUND A BEND, and

There's Dracula, COMING THIS WAY.

The kids STOP next to the Civil War soldier. Ahead of them: DRACULA. To their right: VAMPIRE GIRLS. To their left: WOLFMAN, stumbling down stairs, EXTREMELY pissed. This we call a dilemma.

Patrick instinctively GRABS for the soldier's musket.

SEAN
WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

PATRICK
Haven't you ever read the Hardy Boys? You pull this down, and a secret door opens!

SEAN
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!!!

PATRICK
YOU HAVE A BETTER IDEA?!

He pulls it DOWN... And a secret TRAP door OPENS underneath our heroes. They all FALL THROUGH. The door springs shut.

144 INT. CREEPY DUNGEON

Dust and debris. Three kids and one dizzy dog, covered with dirt head to foot. They groan, brush themselves off. Sean shines his flashlight around the torch-lit chamber.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

Or should I say TORTURE chamber: manacles, cages, an iron maiden... stuffed goat heads on the walls. This is not a place to take the kids on vacation.

Eugene is bawling his eyes out.

FAT KID

Great. Frankenstein's dead,
Eugene's crying, and there are
goat heads.

Sean shines his light on SKELETON EXPLORER... then looks in the direction he's pointing. He rises, mesmerized, face lit by an ethereal light. As he moves forward, it intensifies.

SEAN

Bingo...

He is looking directly into the NOW-OPEN AMULET CHAMBER. He approaches it... tentatively ENTERS the vault.

145 INT. SECRET VAULT

Sean approaches the alter... surrounded by crosses and garlic. He reaches out... TAKES the amulet, eyes filled with wonder, face bathed in the amulet's glow...

146

&

147 OMIT

148 INT. DUNGEON CHAMBER

Sean emerges from the vault, cradling the prize...

SEAN

Got it! --

And a HAND GRABS HIS WRIST -- DRACULA BARES HIS FANGS and goes for the throat.

FAT KID

SEAN!!

Pete BARKS! EUGENE leaps forward, but Dracula savagely SLAPS him away... Fangs bared, he turns, and CLOSES IN ON SEAN...

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

Now the idea that Fat Kid has is not brilliant. Under the circumstances, however, it's pretty sharp. He fumbles in his pocket, AS DRACULA'S FANGS get closer to Sean's neck... and he pulls out the remains of his PIECE OF PIZZA --

--Then he leaps, and MUSHES IT IN DRACULA'S FACE. As the pizza touches, the skin actually SIZZLES, and Dracula RECOILS, screeching like a woman, clutching his face in AGONY.

SEAN
(staring)
Garlic...

And that's when Fat Kid grabs him, and they pick up Eugene and TAKE OFF the hell out of there, as --

149 OMIT

150 DRACULA staggers in a blind RAGE. As he turns to CAMERA, we see that his face is covered with HIDEOUS FIRST DEGREE BURNS...

151 EXT. SHADOBROOK ROAD - NIGHT

Sean, Fat Kid and Eugene stumble to the road, huffing and puffing with exertion... Suddenly, HEADLIGHTS STAB out of the dark -- and a big LAND ROVER lurches to a stop beside them.

At the wheel is SCARY GERMAN GUY. PHOEBE sits beside him.

PHOEBE
You guys, I got Scary German Guy to help!

SCARY GERMAN GUY
Listen, boys, that old house is hardly safe. Why don't we all go back to my house for a piece of pie, and --

Sean shoves the AMULET under Scary German Guy's nose.

SEAN
You gotta help us! The book was right -- LOOK!

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

There's no denying it, the AMULET is throbbing, and HISSING, and shooting off sparks of SUPERNATURAL POWER. Scary German Guy stares, absolutely thunderstruck.

152 EXT. 50's BURGER DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

The others, still waiting. PATRICK fiddles with the walkie-talkie.

PATRICK
Dammit, Sean, where are you?

No answer. He pounds his fist in frustration.

PATRICK
That's it. They're in trouble.

RUDY
Just a second.

Rudy runs over to a pay phone, drops in a quarter.

153 INT. POLICE SQUADROOM - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

The ROOKIE COP, the one who was trigger-happy earlier, sits flipping through reports. The telephone RINGS. He scoops it up.

ROOKIE COP
Police.

154 RUDY
&
154A Hello, I have information about a crime. There's been a major cocaine war, and, um, six people are dead. Yeah. Did I say size? TEN. Shadowbrook Road, send as many men as you've got.

ROOKIE
Uh huh. And your name?

RUDY
Send 'em NOW!

He hangs up, runs for his bike.

155 The cop frowns, hangs up, looks up from his desk. And there's DEL CRENSHAW, looking worse than ever. Cigarette dangling.

DEL
What was that?

ROOKIE
Ahhh, cocaine war. Six murders.
The usual.

Del stops. Turns.

DEL
They give a location?

ROOKIE
Lieutenant, it was a prank.
Okay? It was a kid's voice --

DEL
DID THEY GIVE A LOCATION?

ROOKIE
(shrugs, looks
at his pad)
Shadowbrook Road...

A light comes on behind Del's eyes.

DEL
How old did the kid sound --?

ROOKIE
I dunno. Ten? Twelve? I'm
telling ya, it was a prank --

DEL
Come on.

He grabs the other cop, flings on a jacket, heading for the door.

ROOKIE
What's going on?

156 EXT. ROADWAY - SAME

TWO BIKES go streaking along the pavement: PATRICK, RUDY and, on the back of Rudy's bike, PATRICK'S SISTER. All looking worried. As they approach a seemingly deserted intersection --

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

SCARY GERMAN GUY'S land rover comes flying around the corner, screeches to a halt beside them. The entire Monster Squad is together at last, reunited.

PATRICK

GUYS! Oh, man, am I ever glad to see you. We thought --

SEAN

Ssshh. There's not time.

(points)

She a virgin?

PATRICK'S SISTER

Guy -- !

PATRICK

Yeah. She is.

SEAN

Okay.

He takes the talisman out of his pocket, and everyone gasps at its glowing rainbow BRILLIANCE.

SEAN

We got the amulet, but there are monsters after us. We gotta make it to the center of town, where there are people around.

Everyone scrambles into the land rover. Sean looks at his watch.

SEAN

Forty minutes 'til midnight. God, if we pull this off, I'm gonna shit.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Church.

SEAN

What?

SCARY GERMAN GUY

There's an old church in the town plaza.

SEAN

Perfect. Monsters hate religious stuff.

157 EXT. ANOTHER ROAD - NIGHT

A POLICE CAR blows by the camera, going hard and fast.

Del Crenshaw drives like a man possessed. Beside him, the rookie is slightly confused by it all.

158 INT. SQUAD CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

ROOKIE

100 miles an hour. We're going
100 miles an hour.

(no response)

I wish someone would tell me
what's going on...

And that's when, out of nowhere, DRACULA'S HEARSE BLASTS by them, ALSO going 100 miles an hour, heading the other direction.

ROOKIE

Black hearse, isn't that... Jesus -- !

His head bounces off the dashboard as Del stands on the brakes, throws the car into a 180 degree skid, leaving most of his tires on the road behind him. Heads back the way he came.

159 EXT. SCARY GERMAN GUY'S LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Driving fast. Trees whipping by. In back, Sean grips the amulet, which throbs even BRIGHTER. Looks at his watch:

Twenty minutes to midnight.

In front, Rudy puts an arm around Patrick's sister. She elbows him in the stomach, as the car barrels around a corner --

AND THE MUMMY STEPS OUT into the road, right smack-dab in front of the speeding vehicle.

PATRICK

Shit!

RUDY

Go around him!

Scary German Guy spins the wheel, sending the car into a high-speed FISH-TAIL. Rubber burns. Tires screech. The car stands on two wheels, comes back down, BAM--!

And roars away, but not before the mummy lunges forward -- and CATCHES onto the fender -- He is dragged behind the car, and what does he do? He starts to CLIMB UP THE BACK OF THE ROVER.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

Meanwhile, Scary German Guy wipes his forehead with a handkerchief. That takes care of that.

Except THEN he looks in the rearview mirror, and sees the mummy's BANDAGE, fluttering behind the car.

And at that very moment the mummy REARS UP in back, snarling! FAT KID SCREAMS.

RUDY
SWERVE!

Scary German Guy twists the wheel madly, as the mummy grabs PHOEBE by the back of the neck and DRAGS her backward --

He's going to throw her out of the car.

SEAN leaps forward, grabs Phoebe's leg -- and the mummy simply BACKHANDS him. Sean flies out of the car, catches the roll-bar, hangs on by the skin of his teeth, and ANOTHER CAR comes blaring out of nowhere and narrowly misses them, SPARKS flying...

And PETE THE DOG has ahold of the mummy's bandage, growling and YANKING for all he's worth...

And that's when Rudy has his brainstorm. Shouts over the wind.

RUDY
DRIVE NEAR THE TREE.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
What?

RUDY
THE TREE.

Rudy grabs the LOOSE BANDAGE from Pete the Dog's mouth, hauling in the slack... quickly ties the end to one of his stolen ARROWS, remember them? And Scary German Guy swerves across the centerline, heading right for a big, solid-looking OAK --

And Rudy lets fly the arrow.

It imbeds itself in the tree, THWACK --!

RUDY
Punch it.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

Scary German Guy floors the gas, as Rudy turns to the mummy, who is still yanking Phoebe, and he looks the mummy right in the eye and says:

RUDY
See you later, band-aid breath.

The ARROW pulls tight, and holds --

And as the car leaps forward the mummy starts to UNRAVEL. Fast. His bandages go whipping off onto the night breeze, until all that's left is a 2000 year-old skeleton with bright red eyes, held together by a few strings of flesh.

He disintegrates, bones CLATTERING behind them in the road. The car drives on.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
I'm... too old for this sort of thing.

PATRICK
That's cool. We're too young.

160 INT. POLICE CAR - SAME

DEL is driving like a lunatic. The rookie cowers beside him. The police radio SQUAWKS:

ROOKIE
Twenty-two, go ahead.

VOICE (o.s.)
Requesting backup, we got a black hearse here doing ninety miles an hour.

161 EXT. POLICE ROADBLOCK - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

HIGHWAY PATROLMEN stand beside their cars, which are parked squarely in the middle of the highway. The driver speaks into the mike:

ROADBLOCK COP
Corner of Church and Fisk,
request backup, over.

The HEARSE is BARRELLING closer and closer. It shows no sign of stopping.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

The highway cops dive for cover as the hearse REACHES THE ROADBLOCK, and by all rights, it SHOULD obey physics, SHRED METAL, shatter glass, SCRAPE screaming, sparking death off the patrol cars as it SLAMS INTO THEM --

But it doesn't.

Instead, like a gust of wind, it simply PASSES THROUGH THEM with a soft WHSHHHHH.

The HIGHWAY PATROLMEN watch, slack-jawed, as the ghost car disappears into the night. The cop grabs the mike and yells:

ROADBLOCK COP
Suspect heading east on Church,
repeat, east on Church.

162 INT. PATROL CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

ROOKIE
Hey, Lieutenant, isn't that near your house?

Del stares straight ahead, punches the gas. The car tears up the road.

163 INT. CRENSHAW BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emily Crenshaw has been crying.

On the table before her are two suitcases, into which she is tossing articles of clothing. Packing. She slams shut the lid and wipes her eyes with a Kleenex.

Across the room sits the tiny red candle we saw earlier, the one which means someone loves you and nothing bad can happen... Suddenly, A GUST OF WIND blows through the window -- and snuffs out the flame.

164 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - SAME

THE BLACK HEARSE rounds the corner, hops the curb --and lurches to a halt in the Crenshaw yard.

This is where it gets scary; the car door flies open, and out comes DRACULA, PRINCE OF DARKNESS.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

He moves to the back of the car, and just so we'll know, he is INSANE with rage. Not pissed, or peeved, or slightly IRKED, mind you. No, this guy is out for blood. So to speak.

He doesn't even bother with a key, he RIPS OPEN the trunk with his bare hands. Reaches inside -- and pulls out two STICKS OF DYNAMITE from the aged satchel.

165 EXT. CRENSHAW BACKYARD - NIGHT

Dracula strides into the backyard, past the family station wagon, and Phoebe's toys, and Emily's garden -- Lights the dynamite. Heaves it up into the treehouse.

ANGLE ON TREEHOUSE

As it is BLOWN OUT OF THE SKY, disintegrating in a MUSHROOM BALL OF FLAME. The sound is deafening. Wood splinters rain down.

166 INT. CRENSHAW LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emily looks up in sudden terror.

167

&

168 OMIT

169 EXT. CRENSHAW HOUSE - DRACULA

APPEARS in the front yard, lights the second stick of dynamite, about to toss it into the house, WHEN --

THERE IS A SCREECH OF TIRES. Dracula whirls AS HEADLIGHTS blaze out of the dark, and a Police car plows into the back of his hearse. DEL EMERGES. Behind him the rookie fumbles for his .38.

Del draws down on the Dark Prince.

DEL

Move and I'll kill you.

Dracula smiles calmly -- AND TOSSES THE DYNAMITE AT DEL. Oops. Del takes a running leap, hurtles into the bushes --

As the police cruiser blows SKY-HIGH, flying into the air and slamming back down in two pieces. Flame. Broken glass.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

Del rolls into a combat crouch, his face INSANE in the flickering firelight, and puts three shots into Dracula's chest --

BAM BAM BAM! Dracula smiles coldly and looks into Del's eyes.

DRACULA

I will have your son.

170 And with that, he transforms INTO A BAT and flies away.

171 WARP ZOOM ON DEL

As he totters on the brink of insanity. Behind him, the rookie cop is, well... possibly over the brink.

Flame. Loud noise. The front door bursts open, and OUT COMES:

EMILY

WHAT'S HAPPENING??!!

Del grabs her, rudely shoves her toward the family station wagon.

DEL

Get in the car.

He turns and makes a bee-line for the front door --

172 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Del enters, reaches amongst his children's TOYS on the floor, and GRABS -- a WALKIE-TALKIE. He presses the 'TALK' button.

DEL

Sean, where are you? CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

SEAN'S VOICE

Dad, we're at the town plaza,
come quick--!

In Del's eyes we see exactly how much he really loves his son...

173 EXT. CRENSHAW HOUSE - NIGHT

Del emerges from the house, moves to the station wagon. He passes Dracula's hearse, snatches something out of the trunk:

Dynamite.

He passes the ROOKIE COP, standing there like a statue, making small gibbering noises.

174 OMIT

175 INT. KITCHEN - ANGLE ON PHOTOGRAPH

The photograph of the family. Del, Emily, the two kids. Through the window behind the photo, WE SEE the treehouse going up in flames...

176 EXT. TOWN PLAZA - NIGHT

Welcome to the end of the film. If you need to get popcorn, or use the bathroom, better do it now. 'Cause all hell's about to break loose. First, a bit about the town plaza:

On one side of the plaza is an OLD GOTHIC CHURCH. Steeples and stained glass windows. It is surrounded by shops and stores, a CENTURY 21 office, a BOB'S BIG BOY restaurant, complete with loveable Bob statue: overalls, hair you could surf on.

Storm clouds are rolling and boiling in the almost midnight sky. A few dim flickers of lightning. In the street:

The Land Rover is parked, surrounded by the entire Monster Squad, attending to their gruesome midnight business...

SEAN lowers his walkie-talkie, his face betrays a fear deeper than any he has ever felt. He looks up toward a huge clock face on the municipal building: THREE MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT.

SEAN

Patrick!

(Patrick looks up)

All set?

PATRICK

All set.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

SCARY GERMAN GUY is standing next to Patrick's sister, thumbing through the infamous DIARY. She listens and nods, looking pretty much like a cheerleader and not at ALL like a monster fighter...

RUDY tugs on the door of the church, finally kicks it in frustration.

SEAN
Don't kick the church!

RUDY
It's locked!

SEAN
Fine, we'll do it right here.

FAT KID
Oh, right. We're outside of
Bob's Big Boy.
(points to Big Boy)
Can't we at least give him a
cross or something?

Meanwhile, PHOEBE and EUGENE are off to one side, spotting with binoculars.

POV - THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

Shops, stores, parked cars, female vampires, restaurants...
Excuse me. FEMALE VAMPIRES????

PHOEBE
("They're HEEERE")
You guys!

Sean spins around, looks.

SEAN
Shit. PATRICK. GO.

Patrick nods and turns to his sister. Scary German guy coaches her as she begins to read.

PATRICK'S SISTER
Um... okay. Start here?

SCARY GERMAN GUY
Actually, I believe this is
correct.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

PATRICK'S SISTER

Right, right... okay. Here I go.
 Wait. Um... okay, yeah. Okay.
 No. Wait.

PATRICK

Come on, come on!

The VAMPIRES draw closer. LIGHTNING cracks down, thunder echoes through the chasm of Main Street. The wind begins to howl.

PATRICK

Read.

PATRICK'S SISTER

I'm... I'm flunking German...

Scary German Guy grabs the book and points:

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Ich bitten goert schine.

PATRICK'S SISTER

ICK BITTEN GERT-SHINE
 (sticks a finger down
 her throat)
 Gag me, really, you should read it.

PATRICK

He's not a virgin, stupid!

PATRICK'S SISTER

Did you ask him?

177 The wind is really HOWLING now, as debris starts to fly...
 Paper flies. A phone booth tips over and shatters.

The FEMALE VAMPIRES, meanwhile, are advancing down the street. Around them leaves blow and scatter, trash cans offer up their contents, and people poke their heads out windows.

178 Down the street A POLICE CAR pulls into the intersection. SAPIR looks out the window, frowns.

SAPIR

What the hell...?

179 OMIT

180 A VAMPIRE BAT

Comes streaking past us; its eyes HUMAN AND BLOOD RED.

181 EXT. TOWN PLAZA

Back with the kids. The clock reads one minute to midnight.

SEAN

Come on, come on!

PATRICK'S SISTER

Gerkin, munchin, warehouse.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

(patiently)

Kirchen muenchen nicht
wehr hause.

PATRICK' SISTER

Yeah, yeah, what he said.

Patrick covers his eyes.

LIGHTNING cracks down, blows the roof off a nearby car. Phoebe screams. Eugene hides behind Pete the Dog.

A TELEPHONE POLE collapses into the street and impacts with a shower of sparks.

RUDY

Whoa. Are we doing this?

THE FEMALE VAMPIRES

are closing in on him, while he backs away and tries to keep an eye on both of them at once. He holds up the bow and arrows threateningly.

RUDY

These chicks are major skags.

One vampire moves in toward him. He unleashes an arrow and it thwacks right on through and emerges from her back. She keeps coming.

SEAN

Rudy, wood! Wooden stakes!

RUDY

Oh. Yeah. Sorry.

He takes out one of his carved wood-stakes. And the vampire GRABS HIS ARM.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

RUDY
Mellow out, wench.

He plunges the stake into her heart.

182 WITH PATRICK'S SISTER

Hopping up and down in frustration, stuttering wildly as she tries to apply her non-existent grasp of the German language.

PATRICK'S SISTER
BITTER, TUNE UNDERWEAR.

Scary German Guy grits his teeth.

SCARY GERMAN GUY
Bitte, tuen sie uns nicht weh.

She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath. The wind blows. Lightning flashes. And the DRACULA BAT comes flying toward them, backlit by the blood-red MOON...

PATRICK'S SISTER
Bitter tunny -- aw, shit.

183 THE BAT COMES PLUMMETING OUT OF THE SKY.

FAT KID
Sean, LOOK OUT!

Sean turns -- It's headed right for him. Eyes ablaze.

A STATION WAGON CATAPULTS into the intersection, swerves -- and DEL CRENSHAW fires out the window. Sean dives for cover.

The bat TAKES A BULLET, spins and tumbles out of control.

184 INT. SPORTING GOOD STORE

The dim interior of a second-story sporting goods warehouse as the window SHATTERS, a rain of glass, and a FORM SAILS through -- LANDS in a heap in a corner of the room...

185 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Del lurches out of the car, sprints across the street,
KICKS IN the door of the building --

186 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

POUNDS up the stairs, gun drawn -- STOPS in the doorway
of the second-story warehouse, staring in at a form in
the shadows, in a corner of the room, criss-crossed by
moonlight:

187 A wing. A hand. A claw. The figure begins to stir...
It is a figure HALF-MAN, HALF-BAT... It is DRACULA --
CAUGHT IN MID-TRANSFORMATION.

Del sucks in a sharp breath, reaches into his jacket--
and pulls out a stick of dynamite. He LIGHTS IT off his
cigarette lighter.

DEL

Try this, you son of a bitch.

He raises his arm -- HEARS a GRRRR -- WHIRLS --

And THE WOLFMAN stands silhouetted in the doorway, fangs
bared. He JUMPS! KNOCKS Del down -- The dynamite flies
out of his hand, lands on the ground, hissing.

Del gasps for breath, draws his gun -- But the Wolfman
slaps it out of his hand. Picks Del up OVER HIS HEAD,
and FLINGS him across the room like a rag doll. Del LANDS
with a splintering CRASH. Tries to roll away.

No dice, Wolfman is right on top of him, grabs him and
hurls him again. Impact. Pain. Del is barely conscious.
A torrent of blood gushes from his nose.

The DYNAMITE is still hissing furiously.

Wolfman moves in, picks Del up, way, WAY over his head --
And the audience is saying NO, please, he's had enough --
Slams Del into the floor. Ribs are breaking here.

Del rolls over, spits blood. Wolfman stands over him,
moving in for the kill. Del tries to move. Can't. It's
all over, he's given everything he has and there's nothing
left. At which point --

A VOICE (o.s.)

Hey, asshole.

Wolfman spins --

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

SEAN

You looked.

-- and Sean slams a BASEBALL BAT into his head. The beast SCREAMS, stumbles backward, and as he does -- DEL rolls over -- GRABS the stick of DYNAMITE -- SHOVES it into Wolfman's trousers, and pushes hard.

Wolfman pinwheels backward out the broken window.

188 EXT. WINDOW OF SPORTING GOOD'S STORE

As he plunges toward the street, HE BLOWS UP in mid-air, bloody pieces flying every which way. Applause here, maybe...?

189 BACK INSIDE

Sean grabs his father, hugs him. Del returns the hug, looks in the corner -- But Dracula is nowhere to be seen.

190 EXT. STREET - SERIES OF SHOTS

WOLFMAN'S HAND lands with a thump in the gutter, and then, without missing a beat --

It starts to TRAVEL, skidding across the pavement, as --

191 EXT. IN AN ALLEY - NIGHT

OTHER PIECES of Wolfman go WHISKING around a corner, into an alley, and now, now, we get it, see, only a SILVER BULLET can kill Wolfman... And so, before our wondering eyes --

He RE-INTEGRATES, coming together with a WHOOSH of sound. Good as new. And meaner, definitely a lot meaner...

192 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Rudy stakes the last of the female vampires. Behind him WOLFMAN emerges from the alley, starts loping toward him, hard and fast.

And though Rudy doesn't know it, he is about to die. Until out of nowhere comes SAPIR ---

SAPIR

Kid, watch it!

Rudy hits the dirt, as Sapir FIRES -- BAM BAM BAM! But Wolfman doesn't stop. Doesn't even slow, GRABS SAPIR, starts to tear him to shreds.

TWO MORE COPS APPEAR. Wolfman WHIRLS on them, JUMPS! A spastic eruption of ACTION -- GUNFIRE. SCREAMING. Shredded flesh. Blood. But this is mostly off-screen, since WE ARE ON:

193 OMIT

194 Rudy, kneeling over the dying Sapir.

SAPIR

Tell you a secret, kid... I'm a lousy policeman.

He dies. Rudy looks up. The Wolfman has KILLED the other two cops, and starts toward him. Rudy takes Sapir's gun, reaches into the pocket of his jacket, takes out a single, gleaming SILVER BULLET... Deadly calm, he loads the shell.

Wolfman approaches, growling. He has tasted blood... and wants more... Without a trace of fear, Rudy raises the gun, levels off at the Wolfman's heart. His aim is rock steady.

RUDY

Bang.

The gun roars. Wolfman's chest explodes with crimson. He flies backward, and ---

195 Rolls over, no longer a wolf. Human as the rest of us, and dying.

DESPARATE MAN

God, thank you...

He dies.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

Rudy stands up, as Sean and Del limp up to him.

We see now that Rudy is slightly shaking.

RUDY

Told you. Only one way to
kill a werewolf.

196 EXT. TOWN PLAZA - AS BEFORE

Meanwhile, the other kids are having a time of it. As you've probably guessed, Patrick's sister is not real popular.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

(through clenched
teeth)

Let's...try it again, shall we?

PATRICK'S SISTER

Look, you've got me upset ---

They shake their heads.

197 POLICE CARS PULL UP, SHRIEK to stops -- and COPS swarm out, but as they try to enter the plaza LIGHTNING FLASHES DOWN, and a fissure SPLITS in the asphalt directly in front of them.

198 PATRICK
DO IT! COME ON!

PATRICK'S SISTER

(eyes closed)

Bitte... Bitte... Bitte, tuen
sie uns nicht weh. Oh, my God,
I SAID IT.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Good Lord. You did. I have absolutely no idea how.

He hugs her. She leaps in the air and does a cheerleader yell. PATRICK heaves a sigh of relief.

And nothing happens.

Except a MAN-HOLE COVER blows sky-high, and the CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON RISES from the sewer behind Fat Kid.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Where's limbo? We just went through MAJOR SHIT, where's the big limbo thing?

Scary German Guy frowns, points to Patrick's sister.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Are you...sure she's a...um...

Patrick turns to his sister.

PATRICK

Ahem.

(quietly)

You're not a virgin, are you?

His sister shrugs apologetically.

PATRICK

No...? NO?

(shakes her)

What do you mean NO!?!?

PATRICK'S SISTER

Well, Steve, but he doesn't count ---

The logic escapes Patrick.

PATRICK

Doesn't COUNT??

PATRICK'S SISTER

...Sorry...

PATRICK

I'm gonna murder you.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

I'm afraid you'll have to stand in line.

(he points)

THE CREATURE throws aside stray policemen. His tongue slithers in and out. Fat Kid stands by helplessly.

PATRICK

Oh. Oh, wow. I...I'm not talking to you. I can't believe this. I'm upset here.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

EUGENE tugs on Scary German Guy's leg. He looks down, and Eugene points to PHOEBE: she stands, horrified, clutching Mr. Scrap.

EUGENE
Is she a version?

SCARY GERMAN GUY
(distracted)
What...? I -- virgin. Yes, VIRGIN.
(he grabs
Patrick)
Use the girl.

PATRICK
She can't read!

SCARY GERMAN GUY
I'll help her. QUICKLY.

FAT KID RUNS from around a corner, GASPS. THE CREATURE turns, MOVES TOWARD HIM, arms outstretched. Fat Kid backs off, trapped, trips over a DEAD RIOT SQUAD cop.

Thinking fast, Fat Kid GRABS the pump shotgun from the dead man's hands. Rigor mortis makes the grip hard to break. Fat Kid CURSES and sweats. The Creature SHRIEKS ...closing in...

Fat Kid backs to A NEWSTAND with the riot gun. He tries the glass door. Locked. He looks in.

198-A INT. NEWSTAND (INTERCUT)

E.J. and DEREK, cower by the counter inside. Fat Kid YELLS:

FAT KID
E.J., THE DOOR! LEMME IN! OPEN
THE DOOR!!

E.J. and DEREK do not budge. Chickenshit. Fat Kid BASHES the lock with the shotgun butt. It doesn't budge. Fat Kid turns. The CREATURE is almost upon him.

Finally, he COCKS the shotgun, pivots, and BLOWS the door into a CONCUSSIVE SHOWER OF GLASS! He runs in.

(CONTINUED)

198-A CONTINUED:

E.J.
(lamely
apologetic)

I ---

Fat Kid AIMS the gun at him. Pure Eastwood. He PUMPS the shotgun. Derek SCREAMS. THE CREATURE CRASHES THROUGH THE REMAINS OF THE DOOR. Fat Kid WHIRLS, and FIRES. BOOM! The Creature's shoulder is blown off. This slows him down. Doesn't stop him. Fat Kid COCKS the gun again. The Creature is almost on him. E.J. wets his pants. Fat Kid aims. The shotgun ROARS!

The Creature's chest EXPLODES and he FLIES BACKWARD, hitting the ground with finality. A puddle forms around him. Glass settles.

Fat Kid approaches the amphibious thing... A fish slips out of its mouth, flops about gasping for water.

E.J. sheepishly glances at the stain in his pants. Fat Kid turns, shotgun in hand. He notices, says nothing. Scratch one Creature from the Black Lagoon.

E.J.
...Good job, Fat Kid...

A beat.

FAT KID
My name's Horace.

He PUMPS the shotgun like a pro.

199 EXT. TOWN PLAZA - BACK TO SCENE

Scary German Guy has the diary, is coaching Phoebe through the ritual. He looks up -- GASPS.

DRACULA is standing in the middle of the street. Tall. Proud. Deadly.

Around him, nature is going absolutely BANANAS, the air is dancing with CRACKLES of electricity, and even the cops are forced to COWER beneath this awesome might.

Dracula doesn't cower. He starts walking.

DEBRIS is flying, a Century 21 signposts slewing across the road ---

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

PHOEBE stutters and stumbles over Old German -- DRACULA is moving faster. Expression crazed. Utterly WICKED.

SCARY GERMAN GUY

(to Phoebe)

"Ich bitten goert schine --"
Don't look up, DON'T LOOK UP.

DRACULA, moving faster still. Coming toward them. Thunder rolls. Lightning flashes. Behind him the uprooted BIG BOY statue goes sailing past, grinning like a buffoon.

A COP runs up to Dracula, tries to stop him. Big mistake.

Dracula grabs an arm and TWISTS. We hear it break. The cop FLIES out of the frame.

TWO MORE COPS, trying to get between him and the kids. The dark prince unleashes a hand -- snaps a neck like old wood. He PICKS UP the other cop, FLINGS HIM IN THE AIR. Keeps walking.

Lightning flickers on Dracula's INSANITY, and ---

He's right on top of PHOEBE now. Patrick and Fat Kid charge forward with wooden stakes. Dracula slams them away with his CANE. He smiles down at Scary German Guy, who points with trembling finger ---

SCARY GERMAN BOY

Nie weider, Nosferatu.

DRACULA

Shut up, old man.

He raises his own hand, and -- A BOLT OF ENERGY crackles from his fingertip, blowing Scary German Guy backward ---

200 ANOTHER ANGLE - DEL, SEAN, RUDY

running forward, terrified, battling to keep their feet. Wind lashes at them.

DEL

PHOEBE, GET OUT OF THERE!

200-A ANOTHER ANGLE - EMILY CRENSHAW

running forward until she SLIPS and hits the pavement.

EMILY

PHOEBE -- !

Dracula grabs the little girl and LIFTS her in a crushing grip. She clutches the AMULET, which is pulsing, and HISSING, SPARKING.

DRACULA

The amulet, bitch.

Then his eyes GLOW hypnotically, mesmerizing Little Phoebe... Then he opens his jaws, revealing razor-sharp FANGS... and he moves closer, hissing, demon canines dripping saliva, inches from Phoebe's innocent white flesh, and just as he is about to bite, and your blood freezes, just THEN ---

A HUGE HAND grabs his throat, stops him cold. He tries to wrench free. CAN'T. Turns, incredulously ---

And there stands the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER.

Dracula's messing with his best friend.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

BOGUS.

He BACKHANDS the Dark Prince.

Impact.

201 And the audience goes nuts, as Dracula LEAVES HIS FEET, goes head over heels through the air at the church ---

202 And lands impaled atop a huge CRUCIFIX, thrashing and screaming and SIZZLING like an overcooked steak.

203 Frankenstein looks down at Phoebe. He is covered with dirt and muck, and his face is caved in. It is quite pitiful.

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Face hurts...

He grips Phoebe's hand. She clenches his fingers tightly.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

Then -- SCARY GERMAN GUY is at Phoebe's shoulder, clutching the DIARY ---

SCARY GERMAN GUY

Phoebe: Bitte, tuen sie uns
nicht weh.

PHOEBE

(her eyes never
leave the
monster's)

Bitte, tuen sie uns nicht weh.

Scary German Guy heaves a sigh of relief.

Pause. Pause.

204 The following special effects stuff happens:

First, there's a spot of intense, dazzling LIGHT which appears like a RIP in the middle of the air. Then, it begins to SPIRAL, throwing off awesome FLASHES of optically printed GLARE ---

And it gets bigger, and BIGGER, while all around we see the effect it's having, which is like a giant VORTEX, a WHIRLPOOL in the nighttime air -- and guess what? It gets BIGGER...

PEOPLE ARE HANGING ON, clutching at anything stationary, because now the VORTEX IS SPINNING, and SUCKING IN anything and everything:

Vampire corpses, Bob's Big Boy, glass, benches, CARS, garbage cans, the suction is absolutely INTENSE, everyone is holding on for dear life ---

EMILY is slammed against the fender of a car, semi-conscious ---

205 Sean and Del are wrapped around a lamppost, and THAT'S WHEN -- DRACULA APPEARS BEHIND THEM, a SMOKING GASH where he was impaled by the crucifix, and -- he GRABS SEAN, pulls him from Del's grasp, and AWAY AS ---

They both HIT the ground, rolling and tumbling, being sucked toward the intense, twisting VORTEX, about to spend ETERNITY together...

And Del lets go.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

He is caught like a feather in the wind, tumbling over and over, shouting his son's name as he slams down onto the pavement -- AND RUDY grabs his arm, stopping him, looking off toward ---

206 THE VORTEX

It is like a gaping MOUTH, sucking in anything stupid enough to come close; like Dracula's doing, meanwhile LAUGHING, high and insane, as Sean POUNDS at him with his little fists ---

207 Heaving, thrashing, as Dracula STRANGLES him, and meanwhile Sean is digging his thumbs into Dracula's EYES and PRESSING for all he's worth, it's a move his father taught him ---

And we're talking INTENSE. A fight to the death between a ten year-old boy and a thousand year-old DEMON.

And Sean is losing.

His eyes start to cloud over, he starts to turn blue, and Dracula is LAUGHING LIKE A MANIAC... While Sean is dying. Choking to death... Until...he remembers that he is, after all, the son of a policeman... And a cop's kid does not give up.

Ever.

He thrusts out his arm, and grabs Dracula's CANE, yanking feebly -- Accidentally pushes the BUTTON set into the tip.

Its LIGHTNING ROD snaps open like a switchblade -- Goes through Dracula's throat with a sickening GLITCH -- !

And the Prince of Darkness stops laughing.

He looks down, incredulous. Releases Sean -- and an ARM SHOOTS AROUND THE VAMPIRE'S NECK, and YANKS HIM AWAY! --

SEAN ROLLS AWAY, looks up, SEES ---

208 ABRAHAM VAN HELSING

Yes, dammit, the same one we saw at the very beginning of this film, and he's got a NIMBUS of dazzling LIGHT around his head, his hair standing on end and CRACKLING with energy, as he LEANS OUT OF THE VORTEX.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

He gives Sean a thumbs up, and for a brief moment their eyes meet. Something passes. Then ---

Van Helsing vanishes back into the vortex, dragging DRACULA kicking and screaming, still impaled like a butterfly on the steel rod. At which point Sean witnesses something mortal eyes will never again see:

DRACULA AND VAN HELSING, plunging away into the vortex, end over end, FOREVER LOCKED TOGETHER in a death struggle. The champion of Light, the champion of Darkness.

209 Sean tries to crawl away, as the vortex hauls him backwards ---

And PATRICK grabs his hand, hangs on.

FAT KID has ahold of Patrick and also a sturdy lamppost.

The weather is reaching a frightening CRESCENDO, as ---

210 FRANKENSTEIN starts to slide away, toward the vortex, while PHOEBE desperately hangs on, anchoring them both to a STORM DRAIN. She screams and cries.

EMILY, no longer dazed, SHOUTS:

EMILY
Phoebe, let GO!

She shakes her head no, crying, looks into the long-dead eyes of her newest and best friend:

The monster waves good-bye, slowly. A tear runs down his battered face...

And Phoebe lets go.

But as the monster is PULLED AWAY -- Phoebe unhooks Mr. Scrap from his velcro grip around her neck, takes aim ---

And tosses him to the monster.

And the monster SMILES

211 FLIES away into the vortex, end over end, spinning off into eternity armed with a stuffed bear and the knowledge that someone, at long last, loves him...

212 AND LIGHTNING FLASHES, as storm clouds roll and boil -- only, now, all of a sudden, they are reversing themselves... heading back the other direction -- and the vortex is getting smaller, smaller still -- until -- WITHOUT WARNING -- In the midst of a HURRICANE of sound ---

The vortex winks out of existence.

Just like that. The clouds all recede toward the horizon.

The noise stops. Silence.

213 THE STREET

is a war zone. Everyone who is still alive starts to get up slowly, one by one...dazed, unconscious, all of them just plain out of it... Silence reigns. Debris sifts down on the wind.

SEAN CRENSHAW slowly raises his hand, shakily returns Van Helsing's parting thumbs up ---

As gradually, the sound of ROTOR BLADES fills the air, breaking the stillness. People help each other to their feet.

EMILY bends over her fallen husband.

SCARY GERMAN GUY picks himself up with obvious distaste, brushing the grime from his jacket.

AMBULANCES come screeching into the plaza. Fire trucks.

THE ROTOR NOISE fills the screen as, from out of the sky ---

214 NATIONAL GUARD HELICOPTERS touch down in the center of the plaza, and a compliment of SOLDIERS bursts out, armed to the teeth ---

Followed by a cigar-chomping GENERAL, who dashes forward, crouched beneath the rotor wash. Lights FLASH, SOLDIERS take up positions, it's a shame that everything dangerous has already been taken care of....

GENERAL

Who's Eugene?

EUGENE steps forward, wearing his Ghostbusters T-Shirt, staring up with saucer-like eyes. Pete barks happily.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

THE ARMED SOLDIERS crowd around Eugene, brandishing automatic weapons. The General pulls out a piece of paper: EUGENE'S LETTER.

GENERAL

Allright, son, where are they?

EUGENE

Mummy came in my house....

GENERAL

(points)

Which one's mummy? This one?

215 FAT KID

is surrounded by townspeople, patting him on the back, congratulating him, including E.J. and DEREK... This is more attention than he's had since before he was fat....

And he's a fucking hero, he deserves every bit of it.
Nearby:

216 RUDY

snakes his arm around Patrick's sister, and this time she does not resist. She smiles knowingly.

PATRICK'S SISTER

Where's the other copy of that picture?

RUDY

(caught)

Um. Home. Under my mattress.

PATRICK'S SISTER

Don't show it to anybody, okay?

Rudy breaks into a wide grin. She matches it. This is majorly hot stuff, folks.

217 THE CRENSHAW FAMILY

is finally together, Del is sitting up now and Emily grabs him in a bear hug, crying her eyes out.

DEL

Honey, honey, watch the ribs ---

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

And then he hugs her anyway.

Phoebe and Sean are both near tears, crying with joy or wonder or some damn thing but whatever it is, it isn't bad. The bad part is over, at least for another 100 years.

218 RUDY AND PATRICK

Walk side by side, looking thoroughly worn-out.

RUDY

That was very scary, but excellent.

PATRICK

Definitely.

219 THE GENERAL

Meanwhile, is damn near apoplectic.

GENERAL

Can someone tell me what the Sam Hill is going on?

Sean steps forward.

SEAN

We can, sir.

(indicates
the other
kids)

GENERAL

And who are you?

Sean removes a business card from his pocket, holds it up:

SEAN

We're the Monster Squad.

220 He grins, as we BEGIN ON THE CARD -- and CRANE UP, and away...up into the SKY overlooking the plaza...as BELOW, the kids are surrounded by jeeps, and tanks, and now here comes the SWAT team, and military CHOPPERS, and as the frame is absolutely FILLED WITH STUFF, WE ---

CUT TO BLACK

221 And a wolf HOWLS on the soundtrack.

ROLL END CREDITS.